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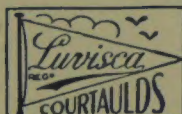
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SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1932.



"THE MIRACLE"—THE IMAGE COMES TO LIFE: DIANA MANNERS (LADY DIANA DUFF COOPER, WIFE OF THE FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE WAR OFFICE) AS THE MADONNA.

"The Miracle," as presented at the Lyceum, is a very notable production. The theatre has been transformed into the semblance of a cathedral. There are scenery and decorations designed by Oskar Strnad. There are costumes by Oliver Messel. More important still, a remarkable cast interprets this great mime play by Vollmoeller, with music by Humperdinck. Particular interest

centres in the beautiful, dignified performance given by Lady Diana Duff Cooper—or Diana Manners, as the programme has it—who appears as the miraculous image that comes to life that the Madonna may put on the robe of the Nun and take her place when she is tempted into the world. The rôle is not new to her. She played it (and also the Nun) in the U.S.A. in 1924.

CAMERA-STUDY BY BERTRAM PARK. (SEE OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS ON PAGE 567.)



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IN a recent discussion on Suicide, an interesting comparison was made between what is loosely called the Latin culture and what is still more loosely, and less consistently, called the Nordic or Teutonic or Germanic, according to the foreign policy at the moment. A learned writer pointed out, very truly, that for some reason or other Nordic men are more liable to kill themselves than are the men of the Mediterranean. The men of the Mediterranean are more likely to relieve their feelings by killing somebody else. And in this, I grieve to say, they have a certain half-involuntary support in my sympathies. I admit that murder must be classed among acts distinctly improper and, indeed, morally wrong. But suicide seems to me the supreme blasphemy against God and man and beast and vegetables; the attack not upon a life, but upon life itself; the murder of the universe. But that is another question, which I do not debate here. What interests me about the criticism of the two cultures is this. The critic who was sufficiently acute to notice that Latins are less prone than Teutons to this particular sort of depression and despair, naturally cast about for a cause or an explanation. And, being a modern critic, he was at once tempted to be a materialist. There is something strange in the modern mind, by which a material cause always seems more like a real cause. In the science of the nineteenth century, the material cause was generally found in physical heredity; that is to say, in Race. But Race has been rather blown upon lately; like most of the science of the nineteenth century. The critic whom I criticise took the other alternative materialistic cause; the same that has generally been favoured by Mr. Bernard Shaw. He said that most or much of the difference was due to Climate.

Now, I believe material causes count for much less in history than is now supposed. I believe that moral causes count for much more than is now supposed. I believe that the supreme factor is not even the bodily framework, or the framework of environment, but the frame of mind. I could ask for no better case, for my own argument, than this case of the suicides of all nations. It was raised on this occasion in connection with the sad end of two famous financiers or capitalists; but that aspect need not concern us now; except, perhaps, upon one particular point. I should have thought that if there was one person to whom the argument about Climate does not apply, it is a modern millionaire. The most Nordic millionaire has no need to live in the North. An American plutocrat could live as easily in Florida as in Maine, or pay a permanent visit to Naples instead of to Niagara. The very fact that no amount of sunshine could make him sunny, is sufficient evidence that the dark cloud was within. This, however, is a personal and even painful matter, which is no part of my argument, and with which I had not intended to deal. The point is that the critic attributes the suicide statistics to a difference of climate; and I attribute them to a difference of culture.

And it strikes me that there is a very simple test. Compare the number of suicides when the Latin world was Pagan with the number of suicides after it became Christian. The same sun shone on Brutus falling on his sword; the same blue sea smiled on Cato stabbing himself to avoid capture; the same glittering landscape of the olive and the vine was the back-

ground of Plutarch. These Pagans of the old Latin world committed suicide not because they were prone to it as a vice, but because they were proud of it as a virtue. To explain their view of it, it would be necessary to analyse the whole tendency of their heathen mythology and philosophy. They killed themselves partly because they had too much, as the

modern world has too little, of the notion of personal dignity. They killed themselves partly because they had a vaguer or more negative notion about the future life. They killed themselves because of a sort of hard despair that lies in the heart even of the heroism of the Stoic. But, anyhow, they did not kill themselves because the sun was shining or the grapes growing in clusters on the vine. Whatever is the cause of the change, it is not to be found in the climate which has not changed.

No; the test of the contrast between modern Latins and modern Teutons is exactly like the test of the contrast between modern Latins and ancient Latins. It is to be found in a frame of mind. Ever since Christianity came into the world, the Latins have been in a fighting frame of mind. Indeed, they have been, and still are, engaged in a fight; a fight about whether Christianity shall continue or no; a fight that has its ups and downs, as in the Vatican City or the secularisation of Spain. But there is something in the atmosphere of the affirmation itself, even for those who prefer the denial, which has made everybody too keen on killing the enemy to retire to their tents and kill themselves. In the whole Mediterranean civilisation there is a *positive* spirit. Men are either confident that they can be content with this world, or else confident that they can be convinced about the other world. Both these certainties result in relative cheerfulness and a resolve to hang on for the duration of the war. Now, in the Germanies, and generally in the northern Continental countries, the whole mental atmosphere is different. It is an atmosphere of introspective melancholy and a sort of spiritual sulks. It is exactly described in a phrase used by Mr. Augustine Birrell about Hazlitt: in the midst of the mind a black pool of metaphysics. It is a world in which men are not so much fighting religion as wandering away from it, into wildernesses of subjective speculation. It is full of scepticism, but it is not without sentimentalism; and the combination produces pessimism. It is not

surprising that the pessimism sometimes produces suicide. It is the world of isolated sages, not of anti-clerical mobs or clerical congregations. From the North come the Nietzsches and the Schopenhauers, and all who, in defiance of the old name of natural philosophy, insist on inventing an unnatural philosophy. That unnatural philosophy is a third thing, quite different from natural Paganism or supernatural Christianity. It is a mood, a somewhat morbid mood, but it is the result of certain ideas in the mind; and an Eskimo does not become a suicidal maniac because he lives in the north, nor a negro a Provençal troubadour because he has a place in the sun.

TO OUR READERS.

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TO commemorate this anniversary of the beginning of illustrated journalism, we are about to issue A DOUBLE NUMBER DEALING WITH OUR NINETIETH BIRTHDAY. This will form our issue of April 30; but it will be twice the usual size and it will be sold at 2/-.

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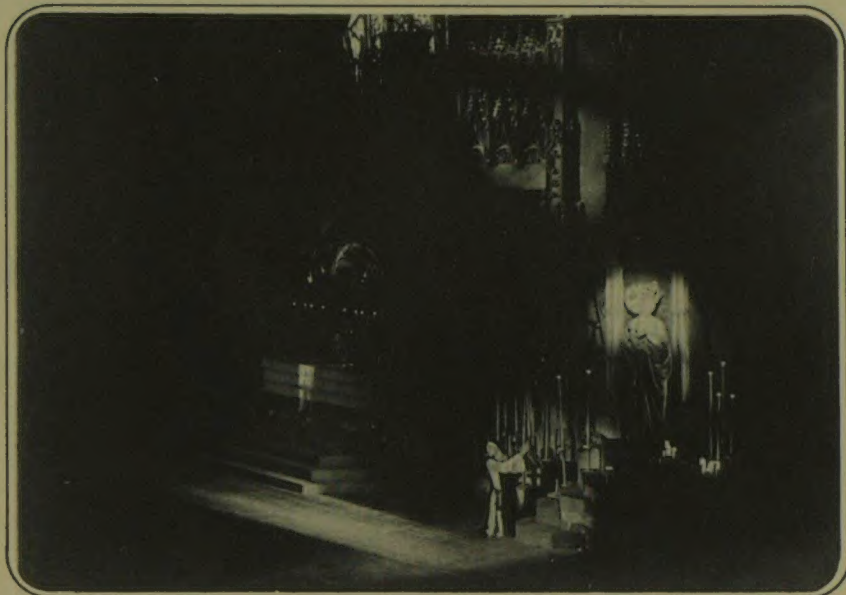
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ground to the ten thousand tragedies of self-inflicted death that end the stories of the heroes of Pagan antiquity. There is no doubt that the life of those flowery lands always led to a more florid external gaiety and grace. Cleopatra blazed with blossoms and gems, and smiles, but that did not prevent her from finding an asp among the flowers. But the same fact is obvious about people considerably more respectable than Cleopatra. Those who have seen the recent remarkable production of "Julius Cæsar" will have been reminded of that sublime but alien atmosphere of the Stoic and the Republican which the imagination of Shakespeare, though captive in the courtly world of the Tudors, could manage to reconstruct from the

IN A THEATRE TURNED "CATHEDRAL": "THE MIRACLE," AT THE LYCEUM.



THE NUN KNEELING AT THE FEET OF THE MIRACULOUS IMAGE OF THE MADONNA BEFORE THE SPIELMANN AND THE KNIGHT TEMPT HER INTO THE WORLD.



A CRIPPLE, CURED BY THE MIRACULOUS IMAGE, RISES FROM HIS STRETCHER AND CRIES OUT IN JOY BEFORE BEGINNING A MAD DANCE OF THANKSGIVING.

"THE Miracle," at the Lyceum Theatre—

Charles B. Cochran's production, directed by Max Reinhardt—is the outstanding theatrical event of the moment. This mime play by Karl Vollmoeller, with music by Engelbert Humperdinck, is thus seen for the second time in this country: it was at Olympia in 1911-12. As we note under our front page, the theatre has been transformed into the semblance of a cathedral, and the religious suggestion is carried out in a note in the programme which reads: "Applause is not desired by the Management during the performance." But applause comes nevertheless—the audience cannot refrain from it—and there is much to draw the acclamations. The cast is excellent; the scenery, decorations, and costume are as picturesque and as effective as true artists can make them. Lady Diana Duff Cooper (Diana Manners) is the Madonna; Tilly Losch, the Nun; Leonide Massine, the Spielmann; Ivan Brandt, the Knight; and Lyn Harding, the King.



UNDER THE EYE OF THE SPIELMANN, SPIRIT OF MISCHIEF AND OF EVIL: THE MAD KING AND THE NUN, HIS CONSORT, AT THEIR CORONATION.



THE NUN, ARRAIGNED BEFORE THE TRIBUNAL OF THE INQUISITION AS A WITCH, IS CONDEMNED TO SCOURGING AND TO CRUCIFIXION, A FATE FROM WHICH THE SPIELMANN SAVES HER.



THE NUN RENOUNCES THE WORLD, RETURNS TO THE CATHEDRAL, AND FALLS FAINTING NEAR THE MADONNA, WHO HAS PITY UPON HER AND TAKES HER DEAD CHILD TO HER ARMS.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

DIALECT ON THE STAGE.—"THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER."—"MUSICAL CHAIRS."

I DO not know anything which is so disturbing on the stage as a group of people trying very hard to grapple with a language not their own, yet considered as a ramification of our vernacular. This applies in a minor degree to Scotch, Irish, and Devonian. We have grown familiar with them through many books and plays, and our ear

verbal inflections? Again, if the actors were only able to master their parts dialectically, then there would be a scant excuse for the infliction. But in this case we had the usual experience that two or three of the leaders spoke in unison whilst others tried hard, for better or for worse, to master the parlance and then gradually drifted into that indescribable mixture of half-English, half-county dialect that was a bewildering mosaic.

I do not say all this to belittle the merits of the production or the actors, who were deserving of all praise, despite the hindrance. I only try to prove how devastating an unnatural factor can become. For it even marred the impressiveness of the intended tragic scenes and allowed only the initiated to relish the humorous episodes. Nor would I proscribe every attempt to introduce dialect on our stage. As a condiment, like pepper, salt and mustard, it has its piquancy; but it should be applied in small pinches, not in such abundance as would spoil a dish unleavened with stimulating relish. As someone very wisely said, our leading dramatists never dim their plays with a surfeit of dialect—the three accepted ones always excepted. For they know that the first demand on a playwright is to get at the heart and brain of his public. And that is only achieved if the dialogue stands out in unmistakable clarity of sound and meaning.

Of all the Viennese operettes since Johann Strauss, "The Chocolate Soldier," by Oscar Straus, is perhaps the most tuneful and brilliant. It carries its twenty years lightly. The text is cleverly adapted from George Bernard Shaw; the plot, if not quite probable, is plausible, and the music, rich in melody, now romantic, now martial, has a swing of its own in a masterly orchestration. The love-song, "Come, Come," literally goes to the heart of the audience, and the finale of the second act in its wonderful volume of sound is stirring in its jubilation of the joy of life.

When I saw the fine revival at the Shaftesbury headed by the veteran Mr. Tom Shale in his original part, Miss Ann Croft, of whom I heard excellent accounts, was absent, and her place was taken by Miss Nora McManus, one of the ladies of the chorus. An apology was tendered on her behalf; but it was not needed. Her performance was a revelation. Handsome to behold, she has a lovely voice; she acts with grace and assurance, and she endows the part with so much heart and feeling that the public were moved to give her an ovation. If it be true that she has tried for many years to obtain a footing on the London stage, it may be said that she has at last found her reward. Henceforth she will count in musical comedy: Mr. Horace Percival is a pleasing, drily humorous Bumeli, Miss Irene Russell raises a secondary part to the first rank, and Miss Sara Allgood, as the commanding mother, infuses a touch of Irish humour into the would-be Serbian character. The chorus, both men and women, sang lustily to the wand of Mr. Edward Irving; the scenery made a delightful, truly rural picture of Balkanic charm; and the costumes, in their prismatic harmonies, filled the stage with exotic visions of life and colour. Altogether an auspicious revival worthy of a long second blooming.

It is the particular virtue of Mr. Ronald Mackenzie's play at the Criterion that in "Musical Chairs" he never allows the essential unity to be disturbed either by extraneous incident or over-elimination. This is all the more remarkable in the work of so young a dramatist, for he has written a play that is as delightful in its detail

as it is engrossing in its theme. There is nothing of the rashness of inexperience determined to exhibit all its talents, for, though humour and tragedy lie cheek by jowl with each other, and philosophy and farce meet in strange companionship, he never loses a sense of proportion, never omits a relevant observation, or admits an irrelevant one, and keeps the tragic issue of his theme sharp and clear, inevitably developing against its complex background. His dialogue is authentic, his characters are clearly defined, his incidents are the revelation of credible motives, his humour is spontaneous, and his sympathy genuine. It is a story which revolves around the disillusion of youth, and in this it is essentially a young man's play, for the tragedy is rather one of accident than of character. . . . Was it not a star-crossed accident that doomed Joseph to be one of the airmen sent out to bomb the town where his loved one lived and was killed? Was it not an accident that he should be isolated on a Polish oil-field, cut off from the world by floods, there to meet a callous, greedy, physically attractive girl whose face strongly reminded him of the sweetheart whose photograph stood on the piano?

But, these accidents of fate accepted, the story boils out with convincing truth to its violent ending. Yet there is nothing devastating in this pessimism, nothing corroding in this despair; for in the background we have the lovable, sensual, understanding father, whom Mr. Frank Vosper makes so humorously and pathetically alive, the pure idealism and selflessness of Mary, who wins our pity in Miss Margaret Webster's sensitive portrait, the bluff heartiness of Mr. Finlay Currie's sketch of the familiar American business stage type, the crafty, caressing impudence of Miss Dorice Fordred's peasant girl, and the simple, truthful, rather stupid mother and son drawn faithfully by Miss Amy Veness and Mr. Jack Livesey. Against this tapestry, Mr. John Gielgud as Joseph and Miss Carol Goodner as Irene weave their story with sureness of touch and convincing truth. It was a difficult part Mr. John Gielgud had to play, but he never forfeits our sympathies in all his unreason, because we penetrate to the motives behind, we understand his despair; and Miss Carol Goodner contributes no little by her presentation of the boredom, indolence, and shallowness of the woman who becomes his mistress. Mr. Ronald Mackenzie was, indeed, fortunate, as he confessed in his curtain speech, to have such brilliant interpreters, and Mr. Komisarjevsky as his producer. But they were fortunate, too, in having such a play as "Musical Chairs" to illuminate with their talents.



"MUSICAL CHAIRS": IRENE (MISS CAROL GOODNER) INDIGNANTLY RETURNS HER RING TO HER FIANCÉ, GEOFFREY (MR. JACK LIVESY), AFTER HE HAS KNOCKED DOWN HIS STEP-BROTHER, JOSEPH (MR. JOHN GIELGUD), IN JEALOUSY.

has become gradually adapted to the general sense, if not to the whole vocabulary. At any rate, we can follow the main trend of the dialogue without strain or guessing; nor are we disconcerted by the fact that all too often the actors attack the dialect heroically and gradually let it degenerate into a jargon which is neither Iberian nor Scottish, but a "mush" of emasculated more or less English words pronounced in a would-be racial way. But when it comes to the local parlance of the counties, acceptable to a tithe of the audience but Greek to the majority, the aural torture begins. Whole passages become un-understandable; beauties of local expression reach us as weird, cacophonous sounds. We have to strain every nerve of our tympanum to catch a semblance of meaning, and often long before the play is over we drop into listlessness, our brain fatigued, our hearing tormented, our interest wrecked by an Abracadabra of the actors' lips which is like no language on earth. We had the other day an instance of it at a well-known theatre renowned for the excellence of its productions. And this is what happened. The locale of the play was laid in one of the counties, but the programme did not say exactly where. All the actors indulged in a certain—or I should rather say uncertain—accent, for they had all different intonations and vowels which, for want of homogeneity, were a strange mosaic. We all tried hard to make head or tail of the swiftly-uttered dialogue. Yet we, a group of critics, on whose faces, including my own, I read quizzical expressions, at the curtain's fall left even guessing at random to which county belonged the unfamiliar assemblage of words. Each of us quoted a different shire, until someone who had apparently made a special study of dialects triumphantly solved the riddle and imparted to us the name of the county and quoted chapter and verse for his assertion by running through a few sentences akin to those spoken on the stage. Had he not come to our rescue, we would never have known where we were. As it was, the newly-acquired knowledge did not do much to render the play more accessible; but it saved us from a possible blunder in attributing the dialect to a quarter to which it did not belong.

But, I ask you—is it fair to expose the pleasure-seeking playgoer to the mental turmoil of guesswork without a warning? Is there any profit in using an out-of-the-way idiom when good English allows all manner of vocal and



A SCENE FROM "MUSICAL CHAIRS," THE PLAY RECENTLY PRODUCED AT THE CRITERION: MR. SCHINDLER (THE HEAD OF AN ENGLISH FAMILY LIVING IN POLAND AND ENGAGED IN BORING FOR OIL) PHILANDERS WITH ANNA, THE PEASANT SERVANT.

Mr. Frank Vosper plays the part of Schindler, and Miss Dorice Fordred that of Anna. Schindler has a temperamental, charming, but "difficult" son, Joseph; while Mrs. Schindler's son by her first marriage, Geoffrey, is a dull fellow. His beautiful but shallow American fiancée is fatally attracted by Joseph. These emotional "Musical Chairs" are played out against a background of business excitement.

THE MUSK RAT MENACE IN BRITAIN: AN ALIEN RODENT PROSCRIBED.

FIG. 3 BY COURTESY OF THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON. OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS FROM A MONOGRAPH, "THE MUSK RAT," BY DR. JOHANNES ULBRICH, PUBLISHED BY C. HEINRICH, DRESDEN.



FIG. 1. MUSK RAT BURROWINGS THAT UNDERMINE THE SOIL AND CAUSE THE COLLAPSE OF EMBANKMENTS: A DIAGRAM SHOWING A COMPLEX OF BURROWS AT VARIOUS LEVELS, WITH ENTRANCES UNDER WATER, "DORMITORIES" OR "NURSERIES," AND BOLT-HOLES.



FIG. 2. THE MUSK RAT'S WINTER QUARTERS: TWO TYPICAL "LODGES" (MOUNDS OF VEGETATION), CONSTRUCTED FOR SHELTER AND FOOD-STORAGE IN MARSHY GROUND ON THE BED OF AN EMPTY FISH-POND.

THE introduction of the American musk rat, or musquash, into England and Scotland a few years ago, for purposes of breeding and of marketing fur, aroused great anxiety lest escaped animals should multiply and overrun the country, as has happened in parts of Europe, where immense damage has been caused by their destructive habits. To prevent the pest from spreading here, the Destructive Imported Animals Act was recently passed, through the efforts of the Ministry of Agriculture and the Scottish authorities. An exhibition in the Natural History Museum, at South Kensington,

[Continued below.]



FIG. 3. ONE OF THE EXHIBITS AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM ARRANGED, IN CONNECTION WITH THE DESTRUCTIVE IMPORTED ANIMALS ACT, TO ILLUSTRATE THE HABITS OF THE MUSK RAT, OR MUSQUASH (*ONDATRA ZIBETHICA*): A TABLEAU CONSISTING OF A GROUP OF SIX SPECIMENS (MALE AND FEMALE ADULTS AND FOUR YOUNG) BESIDE A TYPICAL "LODGE" FOR WINTER QUARTERS OF THE KIND ILLUSTRATED ABOVE IN FIG. 2.

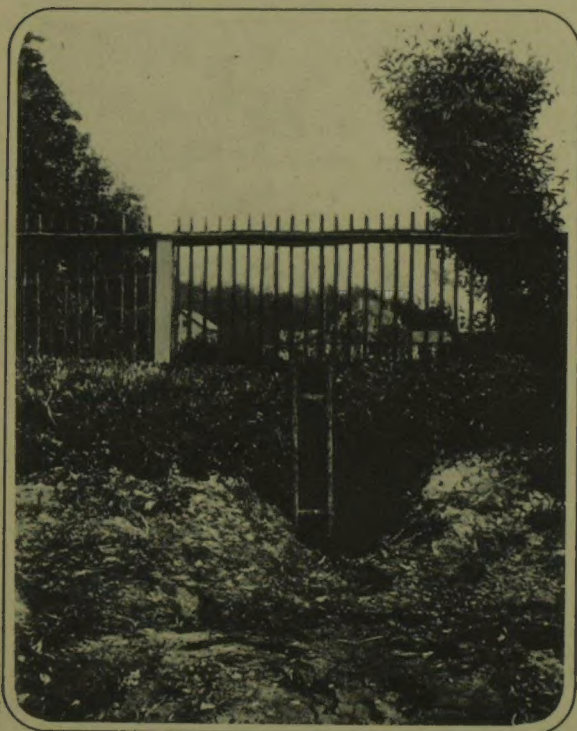


FIG. 4. THE BEGINNING OF A BREACH IN A POND EMBANKMENT, SHOWING CAVITIES CAUSED BY BURROWS ON EACH SIDE OF A SLUICE: AN EXAMPLE OF DAMAGE DONE BY MUSK RATS NEAR DRESDEN.

Continued.] displays the habits and dangers of the musk rat. One section (shown above in Fig. 3) is a group of six musk rats beside a typical specimen of their "lodges" for winter quarters—mounds of vegetation, used both as shelters and storehouses for food. This "lodge" was sent from the Shraden Fur Farm, Shropshire, by its owner, Mr. H. P. Charnock-Wilson. The six specimens were mounted in the Rowland Ward Studios and arranged by Captain and Mrs. Guy Dollman. "These lodges," writes Captain Dollman, "are quite distinct from the burrows inhabited during spring and summer. The burrows are excavated in banks of rivers, ponds, and canals, the entrances being normally beneath the surface of the water. They consist of breeding chambers, dormitories, and bolt-holes, which usually open

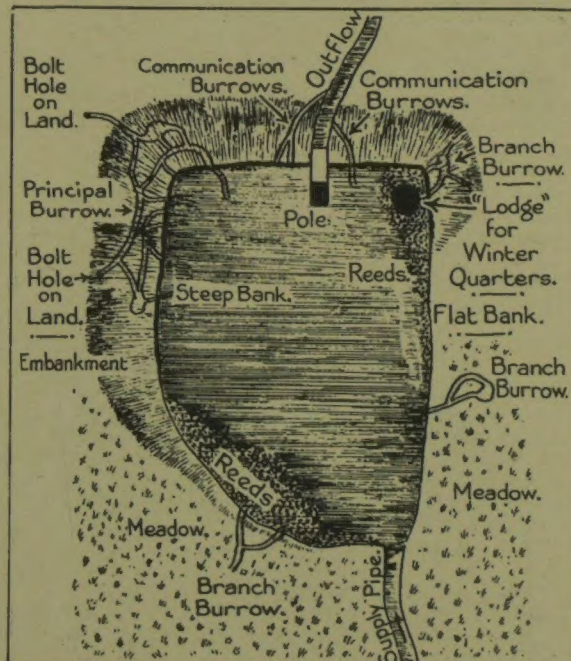


FIG. 5. THE RAPIDITY OF MUSK RAT OPERATIONS: RESULTS OF NINE WEEKS' WORK AT A GERMAN POND.

In July (1927) a pair of migrant musk rats settled at this pond, and early in September began to build winter quarters. On September 26 the two adults and six young were caught in nets fixed to the supply and outflow pipes. In nine weeks they had constructed one main burrow, three branch burrows, two communication burrows at the outflow, and one "lodge" for the winter.

under some bush or dense growth." The other Museum exhibit deals with the damage done by musk rats to river banks, dams, vegetation, and fish-ponds, and their alarming increase on the Continent since 1905, when five specimens were introduced near Prague by Prince Colloredo-Mansfeld. The numbers rose, by 1927, to about 100,000,000, spread over much of Central Europe. Their depredations involve constant repairs to waterways, railways, and roads, besides damage to riparian crops. Repressive measures have been taken in Germany, Austria, Norway, Sweden, and Switzerland, but Soviet Russia and Finland, having vast tracts of suitable land, otherwise useless, encourage breeding for the fur. To the zoologist, the musk rat is one of the most interesting of living mammals.



FIG. 6. THE COLLAPSE OF A DAM NEAR DRESDEN DUE TO BURROWING OF MUSK RATS: AN EXAMPLE OF DESTRUCTION CAUSED BY THESE ANIMALS, SHOWING POLES OF THE DAM LEFT STANDING BARE.

AGES-OLD "MODERN DISCOVERIES": ASTONISHING MEDICAL PARALLELS.

By CAPT. P. JOHNSTON-SAINT, M.A. (Cantab.), F.R.S. (Edin.), I.A. (reid.), of the Wellcome Historical Medical Museum.

IN the Old Testament we find, in the Book of Ecclesiastes, chapter 1, verses 9 and 10, the following: "... and there is no new thing under the sun. Is there anything whereof it may be said, See, this is new? it hath been already of old time, which was before us." It is curious to think that what we to-day assume to be quite late or modern discoveries were known and made use of many centuries ago. In this short article an endeavour is made to bring together a few examples of the debt which we owe to-day to the knowledge of ancient peoples, particularly of India.

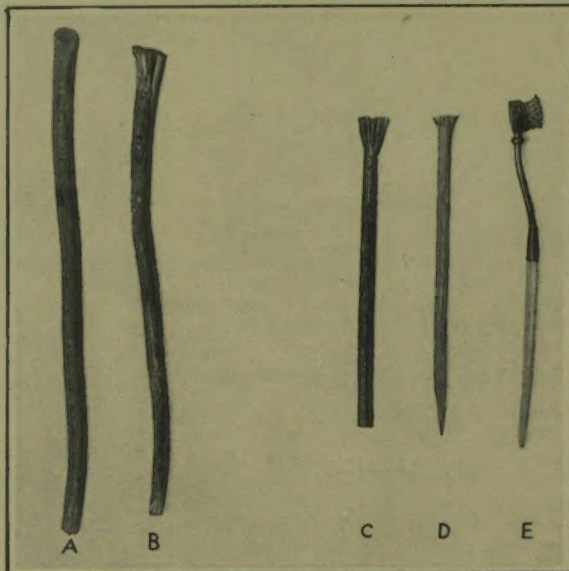
Whenever a historical fact or discovery is assigned to ancient India, and it is pointed out that Europe owes an intellectual debt to that country, there is always to be found someone ready to ridicule the suggestion, for there are scholars amongst us to-day who consider as fantastic all the claims of India to any early discoveries of scientific importance. Sir Charles Eliot, in his "Hinduism and Buddhism," says: "I have heard a Professor of History in an English University say that he thought the history of India began with the advent of the British, and he did not know that China had any history at all."

In examining the records and literature of ancient India, we are faced with many difficulties. The Hindus have a very weak historical sense, and personalities count for little or nothing. In referring to what might be a

very great page in the history of their country, they will begin with, "Once upon a time there was a great King," giving no indication of who the great King was or of the period in which he ruled. This lack of historical sense makes it extremely difficult to fix the dates of many of their great writers and scientific discoveries. Further, little attention has been paid to the study of their scientific treatises, a state of affairs which is mainly due to the difficulty of combining a thorough knowledge of Sanskrit with that of medicine. The earliest references to medicine in India are mythological, but we must remember the value and importance of mythology as a contribution to the study of ancient history; for the earnest historian examines and studies old legends and folklore with a view to establishing the source and basic origin of subsequent historical facts.

We have not yet been able to assign a date to the Vedas, the language of which appears to our modern ears allegorical in the extreme; nevertheless, the text must be accepted as it is written. In Indian mythology we find, then, the god Vishnu, second of the Hindu triad, coming to earth in order to recover the lost Vedas, which contained the science of life. The gods and demons, to recover this lost knowledge for the relief of the sufferings of mankind, having collected

plants and herbs of various kinds, cast them into the sea. They took Mandara, the mountain, as a churning stick, whilst the god Vishnu, assuming the form of a tortoise, became the pivot upon which the stick turned. Shisha the Serpent served as a cord, and the gods on one side and the demons on the other, alternately pulling the serpent, churned the ocean, until the fourteen gems, or Ratanas, rose from the depths, amongst which was Dhanwantari, the Vedic Father of Medicine, with the cup of Amrita, or Water of Immortality. From this period began the history of Indian medicine as we know it to-day. In examining this old system, we find many instances where it antedates by centuries the present-day teaching of therapeutical measures and the description of physiological processes, the discovery of which is attributed to modern scientific investigators.

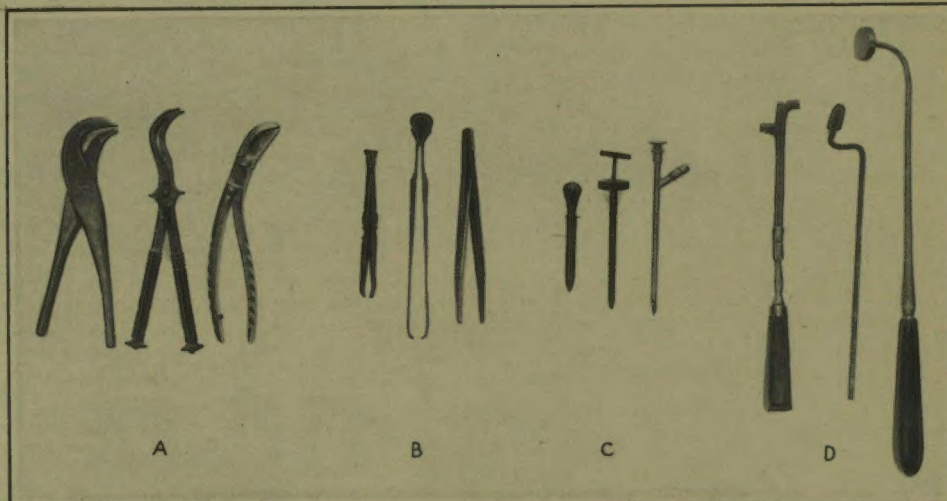


2. THE CARE OF THE TEETH, ANCIENT AND MODERN: TWIGS CUT BY HINDUS FOR THE PREPARATION OF TOOTHBRUSHES (A AND B); AND MODERN DENTAL CANES (C, D, E).

The use of the toothbrush was advocated by the Hindus in their early code of medicine. "Twigs of certain trees were used, with one end frayed out like a brush, particular trees being specified for particular types of individuals."

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We have to-day our massage establishments, and the various appliances for use in this treatment. The beginning of the nineteenth century saw Western medical practitioners attempting to incorporate friction as a remedy; about 1880 they began to recognise and appreciate massage as a definite therapeutic agent. We find, however, that massage, rubbing, and shampooing were understood and practised by the Hindus many centuries ago, and they recognised their



3. SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS OF THE ANCIENT HINDUS, THE ROMANS OF A.D. 50, AND PRACTITIONERS OF TO-DAY—THE HINDU ON THE LEFT, THE ROMAN IN THE CENTRE, AND THE MODERN ON THE RIGHT, IN EACH GROUP.

A are bone forceps; B are long-toothed forceps; C are trocars; and D are cauteries. The Roman specimens were found during recent excavations in Pompeii. Copyright by the Wellcome Historical Medical Museum.



4. MASSAGE AS PRACTISED BY THE HINDUS CENTURIES AGO: VISHNU RECLINING ON SHISHA, THE SERPENT, WITH LAKSHMI, HIS CONSORT, MASSAGING HIS FOOT—FROM A MINIATURE ON IVORY.

"Massage, rubbing, and shampooing were understood and practised by the Hindus many centuries ago, and they recognised their value in diminishing fatigue, inducing sleep, and reducing fat."

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value in diminishing fatigue, inducing sleep, and reducing fat. What to-day we consider as one of our most modern methods of treatment—i.e., sun-bathing and solar treatment—was understood and advocated in certain cases by these ancient people, and, further, they considered it necessary, while undergoing the treatment, to concentrate the mind on the benefits to be accrued therefrom. One had to repeat such a mantra—

I am bathed in Nature's beautiful sunlight. I am drawing from it life, health, strength, and vitality. It is making me strong and full of energy.

From this they appeared to understand the value of the influence of the mind or will power, and they were but a short way from modern hypnotism and healing by mental suggestion. Indeed, Couéism was but an adaptation of ancient Vedic practice.

In the Bhava-Prakasha (I. 11), a treatise written about 1550 A.D. which is a summary of all the best-known Hindu writers in medicine, we find references which point to the fact that the Hindus of long ago understood the process of the circulation of the blood, and knew the difference between arteries and veins. Harita, a writer who lived many centuries ago, refers to anæmia as being caused by an obstruction occurring in the lumen of the veins, so clogging "the circulation of the blood." That diseases of the eye should be prevalent in a country where there is so much intense bright light, dust, and great heat is not to be wondered at. We are not surprised, then, to find that the operation of couching for cataract was known and practised centuries before it was known to the West; and, curiously enough, the knife used to-day by surgeons for excision of the iris is almost identical with that used by the Hindu surgeon centuries ago.

Again, the common punishment for the criminal or unfaithful wife was the cutting off of nose and ears. It follows that in a country where such practices existed, it was only natural that their doctors should have been adepts

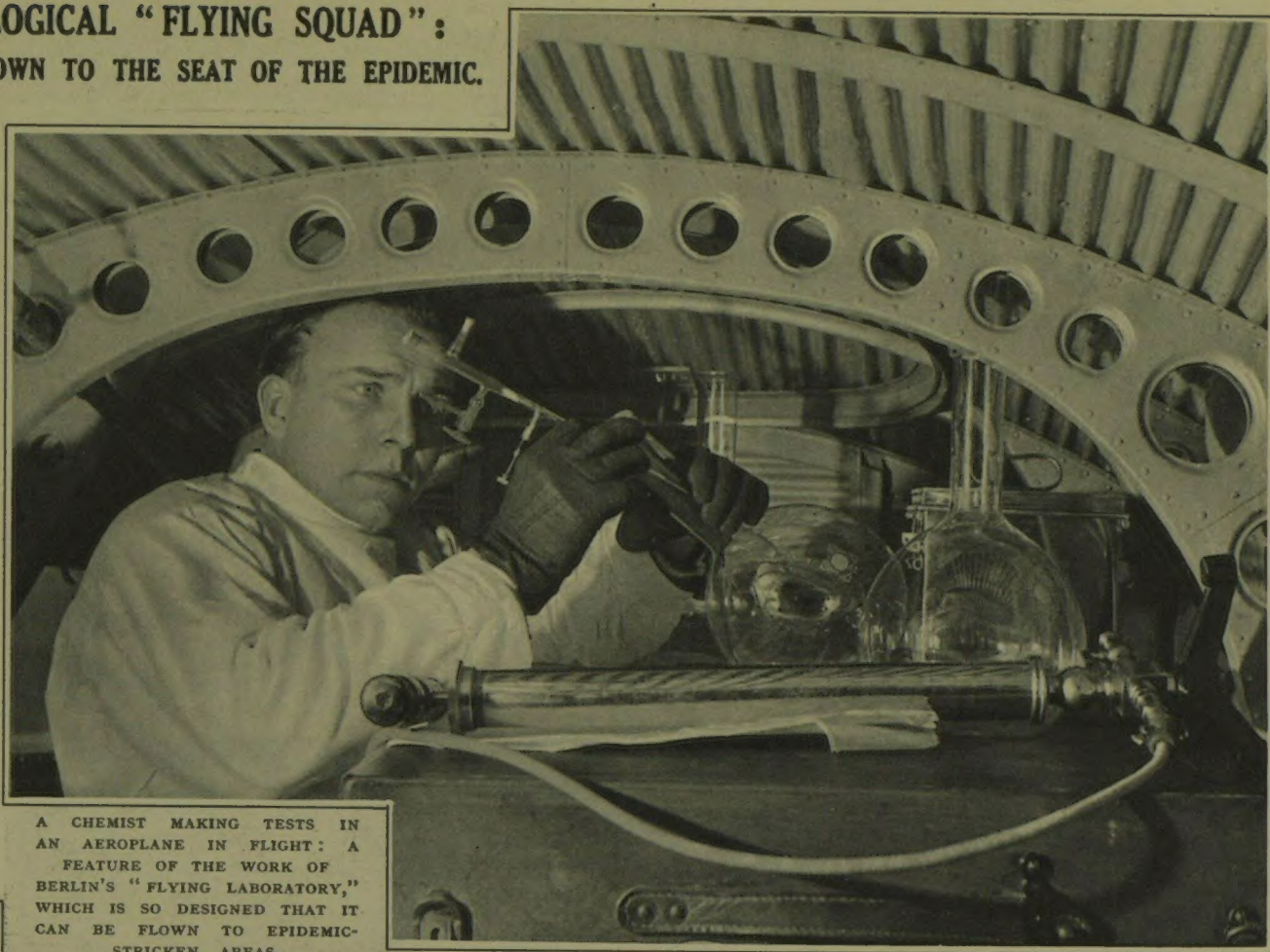
at the formation of new and artificial ears and noses by grafting flaps of skin. Plastic surgery, skin grafting, and rhinoplasty, although only recently practised in Europe, were frequently undertaken in the India of long ago.

We find in the ancient codes regulations laid down for the operating-room; it was to be fumigated with various vapours, and the surgeon was to keep his hair and beard short and his nails cut close; a doctrine which has been rediscovered by our modern bacteriologists. He was also required to wear a clean, sweet-smelling dress. Let us compare this latter regulation to the practice in force in an operating theatre of forty or fifty years ago. I quote from Sir Rickman Godlee's "Life of Lord Lister," 1924—

When a dresser or a house-surgeon entered upon his term of office, he hunted up an old coat, in the lapel of which he probably carried a wisp of ordinary whipcord for tying arteries. This garment did duty for six months or a year, and was then very properly discarded. There was no such time limit, however, for the surgeons themselves. Their operating coats lasted from year to year, and eventually acquired an incrustation of filth of which the owners appeared unconscious, or even proud. This set the tone, and some who were then young can remember the scorn with which they were greeted when, in their reforming zeal, they broke away from the ancient custom, coldly took off their coats, and operated with turned-up shirt-sleeves. [Continued on page 598.]

WITH THE BACTERIOLOGICAL "FLYING SQUAD": A "LABORATORY" THAT IS FLOWN TO THE SEAT OF THE EPIDEMIC.

THE "flying laboratory" is the name given to that special bacteriological equipment which the authorities of the Robert Koch Institute, of Berlin, have ever ready for transportation by air. No matter from what quarter the outbreak of an epidemic is announced, doctors, chemists, and laboratory assistants and apparatus can be flown there, ready for work on the spot. Tests can even be made while the aeroplane is in flight. The "flying laboratory" is packed in thirty cases, and includes, among its equipment, animals for use in preparing serums. It permits the scientists to combat outbreaks of epidemics, over wide areas, from a single central headquarters, which enjoys all the benefits of up-to-date equipment and expert personnel. The value of the method is unquestionable; in India, Africa, and China, for example, where epidemics may make terrible ravages among a savage or ignorant population, it could do yeoman service. A "flying laboratory" such as we illustrate would know no transport difficulties, no matter how backward the country. It can work where neither gas nor electricity is available.



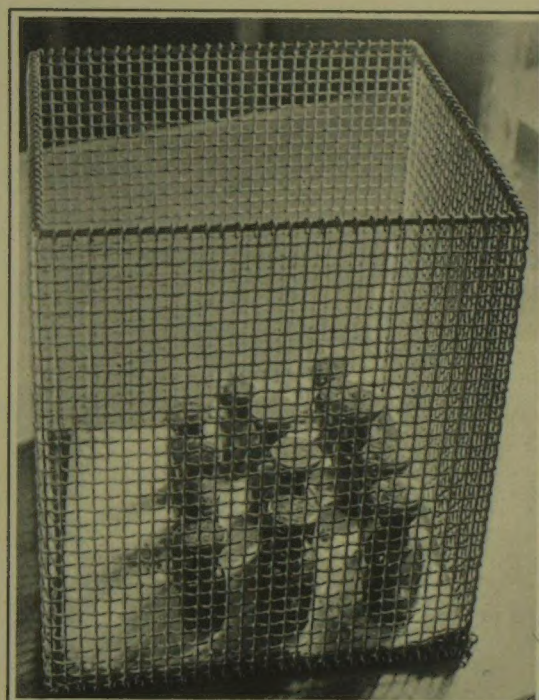
A CHEMIST MAKING TESTS IN AN AEROPLANE IN FLIGHT: A FEATURE OF THE WORK OF BERLIN'S "FLYING LABORATORY," WHICH IS SO DESIGNED THAT IT CAN BE FLOWN TO EPIDEMIC-STRIKEN AREAS.



THREE OF THE SPECIAL TRUNKS IN WHICH APPARATUS AND CHEMICALS OF THE "FLYING LABORATORY" ARE PACKED—READY FOR INSTANT TRANSPORTATION.



THE COMPLETENESS OF THE EQUIPMENT OF THE BERLIN "FLYING LABORATORY": PREPARING A MODERN STEAM-STERILIZER FOR AN AIR-JOURNEY.



WEAPONS OF THE MEDICAL "FLYING SQUAD": VACCINES, IN A CONTAINER, READY FOR USE IMMEDIATELY THE TRANSPORTING AEROPLANE ALIGHTS.



THE METICULOUS CARE ESSENTIAL TO SPEEDY MEDICAL ACTION: A FINAL CHECK OF THE APPARATUS IN ONE OF THE "FLYING LABORATORY'S" THIRTY TRUNKS, BEFORE LOADING THEM ON TO THE AEROPLANE.

READY FOR LABORATORY WORK WHILE THE AEROPLANE IS IN FLIGHT, IF NEED BE: AN ASSISTANT, WEARING HIS WHITE OVERALL AND GLOVES, LOADING A CASE ON TO THE AEROPLANE.



BOOKS OF THE DAY.

HISTORICAL biography nowadays assumes rather the characteristics of a novel, while popular history likewise has become personal, intimate, and realistic. A noteworthy example of the new method, which certainly makes for lighter reading, is "THE LAST MEDICI." By Harold Acton. With sixteen illustrations (Faber and Faber; 18s.). This is a beguiling book, from which I found it difficult to detach myself in order to write down my impressions. The author, who bears a name eminent among historians, has chosen a subject hitherto neglected by English writers—the decadence and final extinction, through sterility and deterioration, of that great Florentine house which added so brilliant a chapter to the story of the Renaissance in Italy.

In the title of this volume, the name Medici is of course used in the plural, and relates to the last three rulers of the dynasty—Ferdinando II., who died in 1670, his son, Cosimo III. (1642-1723), and Cosimo's son, Gian Gastone (1671-1737), the last Medicean Grand Duke of Tuscany. Actually the last of the Medici family was Gian Gastone's sister, Anna Maria, Electress Palatine, who died in 1743. Her final gesture was worthy of a munificent race. "Anna Maria bequeathed the allodial and personal property of the Medici, the greatest art collection in the world, to the new Grand Duke and his successors, on condition that none of it should ever be removed from Florence, and that it should be for the benefit of the public of all nations." Mr. Acton emphasises the incalculable importance of this last clause not only to Florence, but to all lovers of art.

Ferdinando II., regarded by his subjects as "the mild and benign paterfamilias rather than as a sovereign," is far the most attractive of the three Grand Dukes here portrayed. He was a patron both of art and science. "Ferdinando and his brothers had notably enriched the Florentine galleries. By his marriage to Vittoria della Rovere he had acquired, amongst other treasures from Urbino, Titian's 'Recumbent Venus' and Raphael's portrait of Pope Julius II." The prestige of the Medici was increased by his policy, "by his reputation as the most cultured and diplomatic prince of his time, and by Cosimo's marriage to Louis the Fourteenth's cousin"—Marguerite Louise d'Orléans. That marriage, however, proved a failure, through "incompatibility."

It was the succession of Cosimo III. that began the Medicean decline. His was the longest reign (fifty-three years) in the history of the house, and the most fatal to its prosperity. He was "a devotee to the point of bigotry, intolerant of all free thought. . . . The whole of civic life was reduced to a monstrous parody of the monastic. . . . The people were in perpetual terror of spies and informers." They also suffered from oppressive taxation. In 1710 a placard was found attached to the Pitti Palace bearing an inscription translated thus—

To let this year
When the Medici disappear;

but this prediction was slightly premature. Cosimo mismanaged the education of his sons and their matrimonial alliances. His elder son, Ferdinando, predeceased him. "Gian Gastone, the last male of the Medici, quietly succeeded him [Cosimo] at the age of fifty-two, jaded and old in advance of his years, a degenerate sot, according to some—and yet, in spite of apparent indolence, canny and benevolent." Gradually, however, he sank into an extraordinary state of sloth, "was never dressed for the last thirteen years of his life, and never left his bed for the last eight," and meanwhile he developed habits of disgusting debauchery.

Such is the bare skeleton of the story in regard to the chief characters and their chronological sequence. The author, however, has clothed it with flesh and blood, and it is not his fault if the flesh is apt to be corrupt and the blue blood a trifle tainted. There is a certain medical element in his diagnosis of the last Medici. Mr. Acton's aim in biography may be best expressed in his own words: "I hope to be forgiven if I have sacrificed much of the outer to that inner history which describes the individual." The application of this principle has produced a frank and piquant book, which is also a serious historical work, embodying, as indicated by a bibliography, extensive erudition and research.

Incidental allusions to George I. (who had a hand in the diplomatic game by which "the fate of Tuscany was being settled in London," in 1717), to the exiled son of James II., and to Sir Robert Walpole, make contact at certain points with a new memoir of a great Englishwoman of the same period, namely, "SARAH CHURCHILL." By

Frank Chancellor. With four Portraits (Philip Allan; 12s. 6d.). "Viceroy Sarah," as she was familiarly called during her eight years' ascendancy over Queen Anne, was one of those dynamic people about whom it would be difficult to write a dull book. Mr. Chancellor has given us one that breathes appropriate vigour and stimulation, and is, moreover, scrupulously fair. He has not taken as his motto—

Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind.

While applying no "whitewash," however, he brings out clearly the more attractive side of her nature. "Her quick temper," he writes, "her arrogance, her desire for wealth, her passion for power, no doubt militated against her and gave her enemies the opportunity of bringing about her fall; but set against them were great intellectual capabilities, shrewdness and courage, lofty ideals, and, above all, honesty in thought and action. Her merits would have outweighed her defects but for one important item—she was completely lacking in sympathy. . . . Coupled with this inability to deduce the probable reactions

prematurely disappeared," he writes, "was not altered by her brief passage. But how different it would have been had Charlotte remained in it! She would have become Queen of England, in 1830, and not only would Victoria not have reigned, but she would never have been born." A strange reflection on "arranged" royal marriages, of which we hear so much in the story of the Medici. The medical treatment of Charlotte does not seem to have shown much advance on that applied to Ferdinando II. in his last hours. Her *accoucheur* afterwards shot himself. "Yet," says Dr. Renier, "he was in no way personally responsible. He applied the principles prevalent in his day among the doctors of his country."

Napoleonic biography is represented on my list by two examples admirably suited to popular taste. Bonaparte's only official son is portrayed, with his parents, teachers, and guardians in the background, in "NAPOLEON II." King of Rome; Prince of Parma; Duke of Reichstadt. By E. M. Oddie. With eight illustrations (Sampson Low; 12s. 6d.)—a very appealing book. Napoleon's curriculum for his boy's education makes that of the Prince Consort and Baron Stockmar as mild as Montessori. Here, again, we have a comment on "the medical ignorance of the time," regarding the last illness both of Napoleon himself and his son. This year counts the latter's death among its many centenaries, and the author suggests that his ashes may be brought from Vienna to Paris. One of his titles, by the way, recalls the fact that Reichstadt figures in the Medici memoirs, as the estate of Gian Gastone's bucolic spouse, the Princess of Saxe-Lauenburg, a rural retreat where he endured infinite boredom.

The other Napoleonic study brings us to the second Empire, with "IMPERIAL BROTHER." A Life of the Duc de Morny. By Maristan Chapman. With eight Portraits (Philip Allan; 12s. 6d.). Here the distinction between biography and the historical novel is almost imperceptible. The author, as a practised novelist, imparts to her excellent narrative all the objectivity and movement of a story, with copious dialogue. That it rests on a basis of documentation is evident from the appendix. The Duc de Morny, a singularly able and versatile man, was "unofficial" half-brother to Louis Napoleon, being a natural son of Queen Hortense by Comte Charles le Flahaut, himself a natural son of Talleyrand, who figures as a character in the book. Morny had thus a double portion of that "composition and fierce quality" which Shakespeare attributes to the love-child. He became a "power behind the throne" of Napoleon III., who found him indispensable, though resenting his existence. Had he lived, it has been said, he might have prevented the Franco-Prussian War.

Next we arrive at our own times, and one of the most pathetic royal tragedies resulting from the Great War, in "MARIE ADELAIDE." Grand Duchess of Luxemburg, Duchess of Nassau. By Edith O'Shaughnessy. With Portrait Frontispiece (Cape; 12s. 6d.). After the Armistice the young Grand Duchess paid the penalty of alleged pro-Germanism during the war by being compelled to abdicate in favour of her sister, Charlotte. The pathos of her fall was intensified by her subsequent failure to find a vocation as a nun, although with that object she had rejected a suitor, Prince Xavier of Bourbon-Parma (an officer in the British Army), who might also have enabled her to retain her throne. So she sank into ineffectual obscurity, and early death ended a life of frustration.

Two other works of historical biography must be noted very briefly. A "Napoleon" of the Dark Ages, who captured and sacked Rome some 1400 years before the Corsican's son became its King, lives again for modern readers in "ALARIC THE GOTH." By Marcel Brion. Translated by Frederick H. Martens. With five illustrations (Thornton Butterworth; 10s. 6d.). A lurid tale of barbaric ambition and conquest, dramatically told with typical French *verve*, and well translated.

Finally comes an echo of the Goethe centenary in a book that has reached me since the celebrations—namely, "GOETHE'S TRAGEDY OF FAUST." Translated with Notes and a Life of Goethe. By C. Fillingham Coxwell (C. W. Daniel Co.; 12s. 6d.). The poetic version of "Faust" seems to me a better piece of work than the prefatory memoir, which is written in a rather old-fashioned style, lacking distinction and the modern touch of picturesque realism. I may be wrong, but it suggests a debt to some conscientious but commonplace German original. The book is useful, however, as a compact record of Goethe's career and his masterpiece in literature. C. E. B.



IDENTIFIED AS THE WORK OF MANTEGNA: A PICTURE RECENTLY BROUGHT TO LIGHT IN VIENNA.

The discovery in Vienna of a lost work by Andrea Mantegna (1431-1506), known to have been at one time in a Russian castle, is an event of great artistic importance. The picture is a "Mourning for Christ," and was executed between 1454 and 1458, the period associated with much of Mantegna's best early work.

to herself of those with whom she came in contact was an undeveloped sense of humour. . . . These two defects were in the opinion of the present writer the chief reasons why her life was not wholly successful." The author points out, Mr. Chancellor points out, have either been malicious or have subordinated her to an elaborate social history of the time and to the career of her celebrated husband. Here we get the Duchess of Marlborough, and nothing but the Duchess. The Duke, of course, appears in his character of harassed though devoted husband, but his military doings are quite subsidiary.

Sarah Churchill, as an old woman, attended the Coronation of George II. To a later Georgian epoch belongs "THE ILL-FATED PRINCESS." The Life of Charlotte, Daughter of the Prince Regent, 1796-1817. By G. J. Renier, Ph.D. (Peter Davies; 8s. 6d.). The author provides the shortest foreword I have ever read, but one pregnant with implied irony. It consists of one sentence—"As this biography is not a work of fiction, it contains no imaginary conversations." Let other biographers emulate Landor if they will. Dr. Renier, however, has succeeded in attaining vivacity without invention. In his introduction, which makes amends for the brevity of the preface, he discusses various intriguing "ifs" and "might-have-beens" of history. "The world from which Charlotte

BLOCKADE BY JUNK: THE CHINESE AS PASSIVE RESISTERS.

REPRODUCTIONS BY COURTESY OF "ASIA" AND C. H. BARLOW.



COMBINED ACTION TO SCORE A POINT AGAINST THE TAX-COLLECTING POLICE AT NINGPO: A ROW OF SALT-CARRYING JUNKS LINED UP ACROSS THE RIVER TO FORM AN EFFECTIVE BARRIER FROM SHORE TO SHORE.

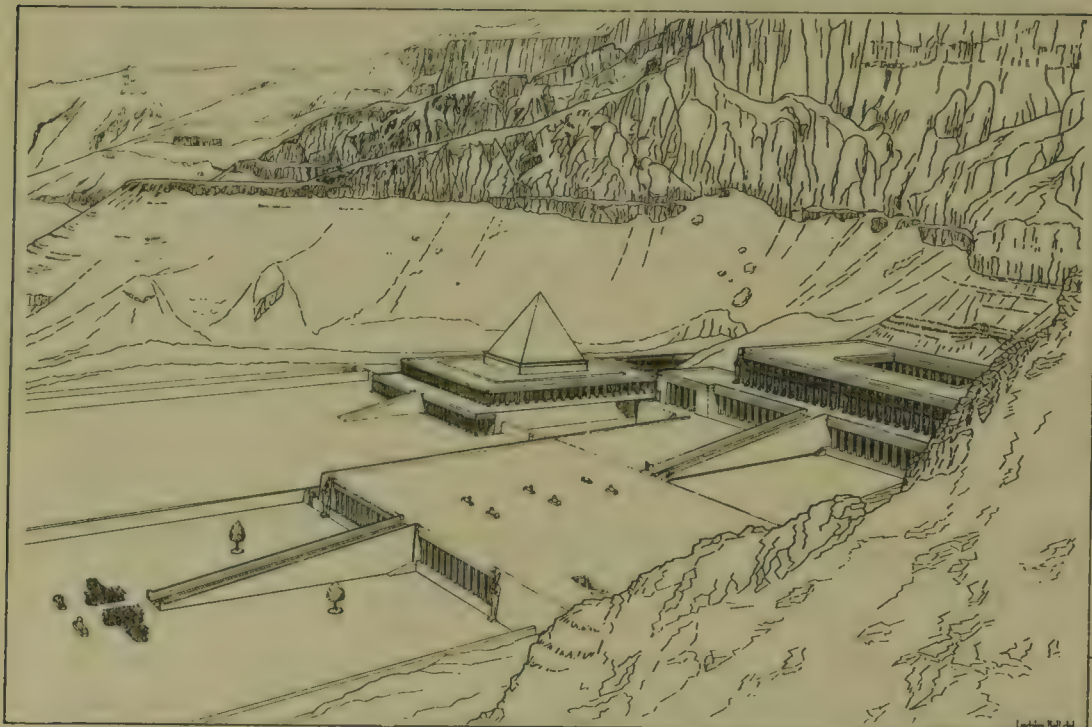


THE BLOCKADE COMPLETE BELOW THE NINGPO WHARVES: LINE AFTER LINE OF JUNKS FORMED UP AND ANCHORED—THEIR CREWS INSENSIBLE TO THE WHISTLING OF SHIPS WAITING TO STEAM OUT OF PORT.

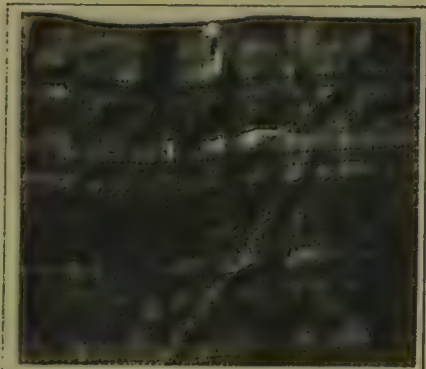
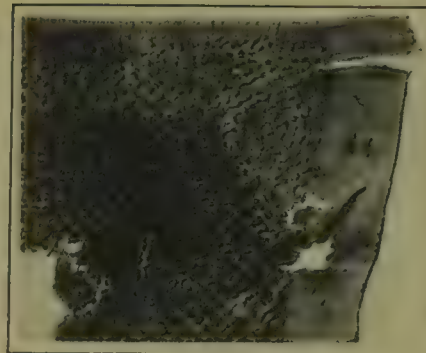
The Chinese have always been masters of the art of passive resistance. An amusing illustration is the story of how the Ningpo fishermen outwitted the River Police and were able to bring salt into the city for sale without paying the Ningpo tax or the police "squeeze." At Ningpo special police were operating on land and water to collect the salt tax. Not only was there a charge levied at the mouth of the river, but another was made at the city wharves; and the police extorted an extra contribution for themselves! The fishermen decided that this was too much and prepared for combined action. "Up the river toward Ningpo," writes Mr. Barlow, "came a big Chinese junk under full sail. Out from the shore line slipped a small gunboat bearing

the flag of the Chinese River Police. They met. There was shouting, gesticulating, parleying. Then a conch trumpeted out loud and long. The River Police had arrested the skipper of the junk, and his crew were signalling their friends. Down the river sounded a conch in reply. Then another, less distinct. And another. Caught up and passed on from junk to junk, the conch trumpeting blurred together in the faint distance. Soon it was evident that something unusual was happening amid the traffic coming up the river. The whole fishing fleet was arriving. What were they going to do?" They lined up and waited—and the blockade was complete. With all the steamers waiting, the police had to release the skipper and let the salt in free.

TREASURE FROM EGYPT: A QUEEN'S BEARDED STATUES; TOWELS AND COIFFURE OF "MODERN" TYPE 4000 YEARS OLD.



I. THE GREAT TEMPLES AT DEIR EL BAHRI AS THEY APPEARED IN THE TIME OF QUEEN HATSHEPSUT, WHO DIED IN 1479 B.C.: (ON RIGHT) HATSHEPSUT'S TEMPLE, WITH A CONTINUOUS ROW OF GIGANTIC OSIRIDE STATUES ON ITS UPPER PORCH; (ON LEFT BEYOND) THE TEMPLE OF MENTU-HOTPE, AN EARLIER MONARCH OF EGYPT.



2 AND 3. TOWELS 4000 YEARS OLD VERY LIKE MODERN BATH TOWELS: LINEN PIECES WITH KNOT PATTERNS, AND FRAVED EDGES HEMMED — FROM AN 11TH-DYNASTY TOMB.

4. AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN PARALLEL TO ISABELLA, MOTHER OF EDWARD III.: QUEEN HATSHEPSUT (WITH KINGLY BEARD), WHO USURPED HER SON'S THRONE — ONE OF A PAIR OF GIGANTIC KNEELING STATUES (THE HEAD FORMERLY IN BERLIN).



5. HATSHEPSUT AS OSIRIS, GOD OF THE DEAD: AN OSIRIDE STATUE HEAD FROM HER TEMPLE SANCTUARY — A FACIAL TYPE DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHER STATUES AND PROBABLY BY AN OLDER SCULPTOR.



6. THE USURPER QUEEN REPRESENTED WITH THE CONVENTIONAL BEARD OF EGYPTIAN SOVEREIGNS: HATSHEPSUT AS MA-KA-RE (HER NAME AS "KING") HOLDING OFFERINGS TO AMUN — A COMPANION STATUE TO NO. 4.



7. A MODERN NUBIAN DOLL LIKE THOSE, 4000 YEARS OLD, IN NO. 8: PLAITS TIPPED WITH CLAY.



8. ANCIENT EGYPTIAN COIFFURE THAT HAS PERSISTED FOR 4000 YEARS: WOODEN DOLLS OF THE 11TH DYNASTY WITH HAIR OF MUD-BEADS ENDING IN ELONGATED BLOBS, AS STILL WORN (SEE NOS. 7 AND 9).



9. ANCIENT EGYPTIAN COIFFURE FAVOURED AFTER 4000 YEARS: A NUBIAN WOMAN WITH HAIR LIKE THE DOLLS IN NO. 8.

Intensely interesting discoveries in Egypt are announced by Mr. H. E. Winlock, now Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, and hitherto field director of its Egyptian Expedition. Here we abridge, from the Museum's "Bulletin," his report on the 1930-31 season. "In 1479 B.C. Queen Hatshepsut died. She had become regent for her little stepson, Thutmose III., but usurped the titles of sovereign in her own right. Her death had been his chance for revenge. Her name was erased from official records and her portrait obliterated from every public place and temple. . . . Two gigantic kneeling statues (Nos. 4 and 6) came from the upper court of her temple. . . . All the limestone statues represented Hatshepsut in the guise of Osiris. The best preserved (No. 5) differs

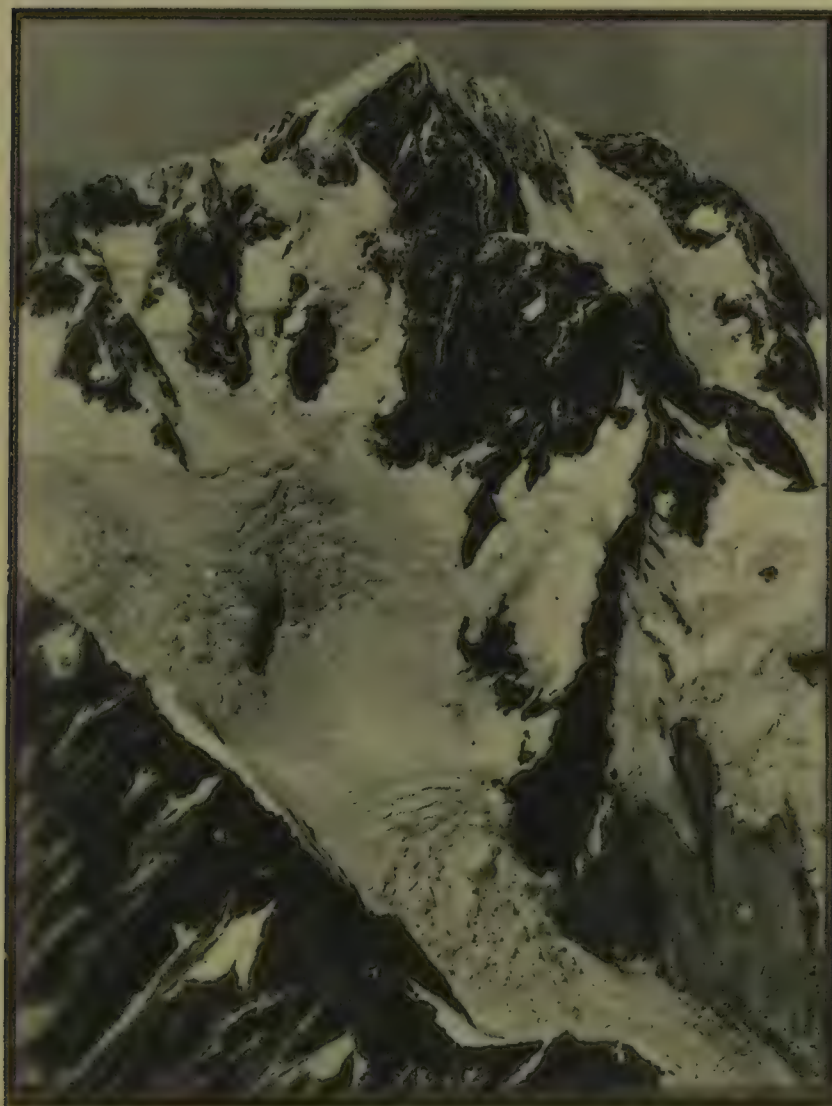
markedly from the other statues. The face is rather long and narrow. These (sanctuary) statues may well have been carved by an older sculptor. . . . 11th-Dynasty tombs (of Mentu-hotpe's reign) yielded interesting glimpses of daily life in Thebes 4000 years ago. Towels extraordinarily like our bath towels of to-day were used then (Nos. 2 and 3). Most of these tombs contained dolls, with great mops of hair made of strings of little beads of black mud ending in elongated blobs (No. 8). A modern doll (No. 7) bought in Nubia, has each plait tipped with a blob of clay. The well-dressed woman of Der, capital of Nubia, ends off every one of her coal-black tresses with just such a blob of yellow clay (No. 9). The styles of Thebes 4000 years ago still prevail in Nubia to-day."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK; FROM THE BULLETIN OF THE MUSEUM'S EGYPTIAN EXPEDITION, 1930-31.

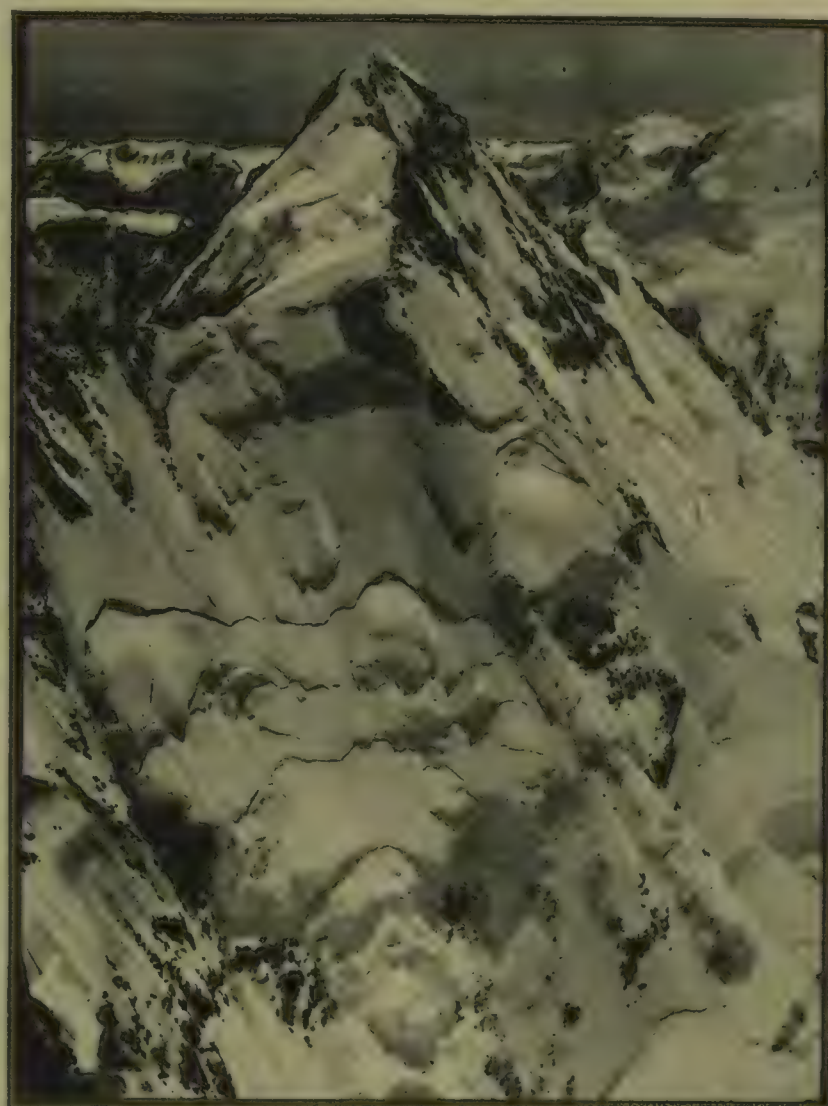
THE FIRST AIR-PHOTOGRAPHS OF GIANT MOUNTAINS OF NEW ZEALAND.



GIANTS OF THE SOUTHERN SWITZERLAND PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR FOR THE FIRST TIME: MOUNT COOK; MOUNT TASMAN, A MORE DIFFICULT PROBLEM FOR THE MOUNTAINEER THAN MOUNT COOK; MOUNT LINDENFELDT; AND MOUNT HAAST (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT).



THE STILLY MAJESTY OF SNOW-CLAD MOUNT COOK PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR ON A DAY OF SUNSHINE: A VIEW SHOWING IN THE FOREGROUND ICE-FALLS THAT LEAD INTO ONE OF THE SEVERAL GLACIERS.



CALLED AORANGI (OR "CLOUD-PIERCER") BY THE MAORIS: AN AIR-PHOTOGRAPH OF MOUNT COOK, THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF WHOSE FIRST ASCENT WAS CELEBRATED RECENTLY IN NEW ZEALAND.

Great interest attaches to the photographs reproduced here, since they are the first air-pictures ever taken of Mount Cook and other giants of the greatest mountain range in New Zealand. The correspondent who sends them to us writes: "Mount Cook (12,349 ft.), the highest mountain in New Zealand, is here seen photographed from the air for the first time. It is known to the Maoris as Aorangi, 'the cloud-piercer.' Alpinists from all over the world come to New Zealand to climb Mount Cook and some of the other peaks of the

Southern Alps. The fiftieth anniversary of the first ascent of Mount Cook was celebrated in New Zealand last March. . . . The pilot of the biplane from which these photographs were taken was Squadron-Leader M. C. McGregor, D.F.C., formerly a member of Major Bishop's famous squadron." The photographs give an idea of the sublime beauty of the scenery that is to be found in the Southern Alps. Not only are the heights bold and imposing, but the glaciers in this range are remarkable for both size and beauty.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE KILLER-WHALE: *ORCA GLADIATOR*.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

IT has been my great good fortune to examine minutely and dissect a very considerable number of the whale tribe, and of many species. And a day or two ago I was able to add yet another, the killer-whale, which may well be described as the ravening wolf of the seas. To most people all whales look very much alike, apart from the matter of size. Yet

of the same creamy-buff as the patch above the eye and the band across the flank; while the under-side of the tail is coloured like the belly, but with an outer border of black. This also is an unusual feature. Coloration in animals is never meaningless; and can generally be interpreted as either "protective" or "warning" coloration; or it may mark sexual

Expeditions—Mawson's, if I remember rightly—a boat was driven against an iceberg and smashed to pieces. The occupants managed to scramble on to the berg and maintain a precarious foothold on a somewhat narrow platform fringing its base. Presently they were sighted by a school of killers, which at once made most strenuous and determined efforts to leap up and pick off the terrified men, who had to press their bodies as flat as could be against the towering wall of ice behind them. Had that platform been a little narrower, not a man would have escaped the dreadful fate which threatened them.

The voracity of these creatures is attested by the contents of a stomach opened some years ago by Professor Nilsson. He found therein thirteen seals and thirteen common porpoises! The armature of teeth in this species is a formidable one, and well in keeping with the ferocity this animal everywhere displays. There is another most singular feature about the killer-whale—namely, the structure of its fore-limb or "flipper." Externally, it presents no very remarkable individuality. But dissection shows, as may be seen in the accompanying photograph, a "hand" absolutely different from that of any other known whale. For, in the first place, the index-finger displays a most unusual curvature; and in the second, the cartilaginous areas separating the bony phalanges or "finger joints" are of enormous size, matched only in the hump-backed whale, but herein they differ totally in shape. These "finger joints," again, have become greatly modified or strangely



1. A KILLER-WHALE (*ORCA GLADIATOR*): A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING SOME OF THE ANIMAL'S PECULIAR FEATURES—THE PROMINENT DORSAL FIN; THE BUFF-COLOURED PATCH OVER THE EYE; AS WELL AS THE SEMI-CIRCULAR BAND OF BUFF ON THE ABDOMEN.

This fierce, voracious animal is sometimes called the "Grampus," a name really belonging to a very different species. In this specimen, which is a female, the dorsal fin is not so conspicuously large as in the male.

even externally, when examined carefully, many striking points of difference become apparent.

In the first place, they will be found to fall into two groups—baleen whales and toothed whales. The baleen whales, again, present two quite distinct types, known as the right whale and the rorquals. In both, horny plates take the place of teeth, though these are present in the jaws of the embryo. But in the right whales these plates take the form of long, narrow blades which may be as much, in the now-extinct Greenland whale, as twelve feet long; while in the rorquals they have a very different form, being relatively short and triangular, the base being very wide. In both the tongue is of enormous size, and can be inflated with air to drive the water, laden with food, out of the mouth so as to leave that food to be passed in a solid mass into the gullet. The mode of evolution of that baleen or "whalebone" has so far eluded discovery.

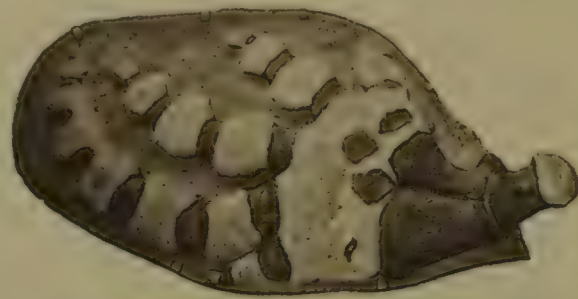
The toothed whales again present a surprising range of differences, not so much in external form, as in the details of their internal structure. One of the most curious of these concerns their dentition. For some species, in spite of the fact that they are "toothed whales," have no teeth, or at most one pair which are found only in the males; though vestiges thereof, which never cut the gum, are found in the females. By way of contrast, we have species with over fifty pairs. But it is not only the number, but also their change of shape that is really remarkable—and, indeed, at present inexplicable—for we cannot link up these extremes of difference with the feeding-habits of these creatures.

When we turn backwards in time to the earliest-known members of the whale tribe, we find that, as in land mammals, we can distinguish incisors or front teeth, canines, and cheek teeth or grinders. But as we trace this evidence furnished by these fossil remains onwards in time, the canines become reduced, and the grinders lose their cusps, assuming, at last, the peg-like form of modern whales, which allows of no distinction. And this process of reduction continues till, in some species, they have vanished altogether. But while the teeth display profound modifications, the form of the body presents no such range of differences; and even in the matter of coloration they do not differ as emphatically as land animals do in this respect.

The killer-whale is rather conspicuously marked. For, as will be seen in the adjoining photograph, there is a very striking oblong patch of creamy-buff above the eye, and a broad semi-circular band of the same hue sweeps upwards across the hinder region of the flank. In nearly all the whales, the under-surface is of pure white, and has the gloss of the white of a hard-boiled egg. In the killer, however, it is

differences as between male and female. But the coloration of the killer cannot be satisfactorily attributed to any of these. There is, by the way, one interesting distinguishing feature about this specimen: it differs from a model in the British Museum of Natural History in the absence of a large patch behind and below the dorsal fin. The model, however, is of a male, while the specimen now under discussion is a female; so that here it may prove we have a sexual difference, just as we have in the dorsal fin. In this female it may well be described as large, but in the male killer it may attain to a height of as much as six feet, thus far exceeding that of any other known whale.

This huge fin is interesting from another point of view. There is a deeply-rooted conviction that the great enemy of right whales and the rorquals is the swordfish, which inflicts fatal wounds with its rapier-like snout. Now, the slightest consideration will suffice to show the absurdity of this belief. To begin with, that "sword" would promptly be snapped off short almost at the moment of the thrust; while even if it were not, the teeth and jaws of the swordfish are far too feeble to bite out pieces from the victim. It is the killer-whale that is the "swordfish" in this case, as its specific Latin name, "*gladiator*," implies. The huge fin of the male,

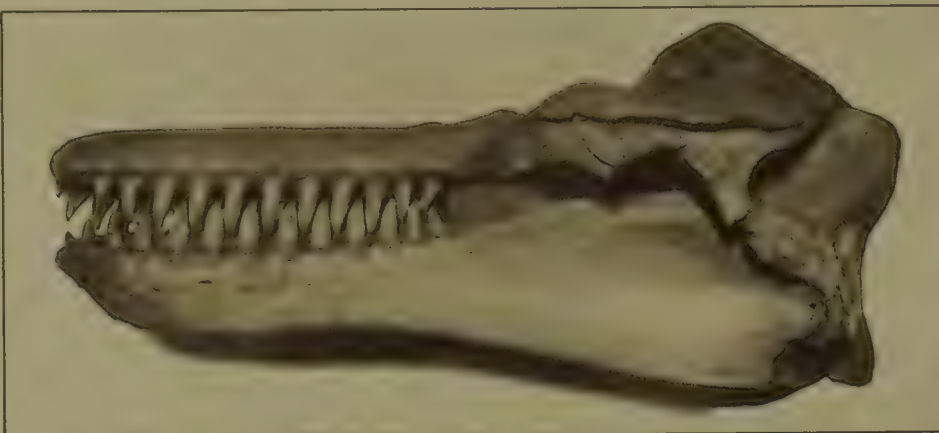


2. THE PECULIAR FLIPPER OF THE KILLER-WHALE: A PARTIALLY DISSECTED EXAMPLE, WITH THE UPPER SURFACE REMOVED TO SHOW THE SKELETON OF THE "HAND" EMBEDDED IN THE MASS OF FIBROUS TISSUE OF THE UNDER-SURFACE.

shortened. Those of the index or first finger are only partially complete, while the metacarpals—the bones embedded in the palm of the hand in ourselves—are reduced to the same size as the phalanges or finger joints. And of the metacarpals, that of the thumb and index-finger have fused together.

That rare and remarkable creature, the "false killer" (*Pseudorca crassidens*), has commonly been regarded as more or less nearly related to the killer.

But this view was obviously based on the likeness of its teeth to those of the killer. Since this animal lives almost, and probably entirely, on squids and cuttle-fish, the great size of its teeth is remarkable. It is true that the sperm whale has a similar diet, and also enormous teeth, but these are present only in the lower jaw. The upper teeth are reduced to mere vestiges, so



3. THE SKULL OF A FULLY GROWN MALE KILLER-WHALE: AN ANIMAL WITH JAWS OF GREAT SIZE AND A FORMIDABLE EQUIPMENT OF TEETH.

driven swiftly through the water, with the body submerged, vividly suggests a sword. It recalls Tennyson's "*Excalibur*." But more than this, the killer-whale, the most ferocious animal in all the seas, does attack whales; and once that attack begins, escape is hopeless. During one of the Antarctic

that few, if any, museums have managed to secure specimens. The false killer is really a near relation of the "pilot whale" (*Globicephalus*), but here again we have a cuttlefish-eater with degenerate teeth. Why are the teeth so large in the "false killer"?

THE FIRST MAMMOTH'S TRUNK EVER FOUND: CAVE ART CORROBORATED.

FROM A BULLETIN PUBLISHED BY THE SOVIET ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.



FIG. 1. SIMILAR IN ITS GENERAL FORM TO THE MAMMOTH'S TRUNK TIP (ILLUSTRATED IN FIG. 2 ON THIS PAGE) BUT LESS PROTRUSIVE: THE TIP OF THE TRUNK OF AN INDIAN ELEPHANT (*ELEPHAS MAXIMUS*).



FIG. 2. THE TIP OF THE TRUNK OF A MAMMOTH: A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING (BASED ON THE DISCOVERY) SHOWING ITS BI-LOBED FORM, WITH LONG, FINGER-LIKE APPENDIX AND LOWER LIP.



FIG. 3. QUITE UNLIKE THAT OF THE MAMMOTH IN THE SHAPE OF ITS LOWER LIP: THE TIP OF THE TRUNK OF AN AFRICAN ELEPHANT (*LOXODONTA AFRICANA*),—A DRAWING GIVEN FOR COMPARISON.

WE are indebted to Sir Arthur Smith Woodward, the famous palæontologist, for kindly bringing to our notice the unique discovery here illustrated—that of the first trunk of a mammoth ever found—of which an account is given in a Bulletin issued by the U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences at Leningrad. It is of special interest as showing once more the accuracy of the drawings left by prehistoric cave men of western Europe. The whole trunk was unearthed from ever-frozen soil beside the Bolshaya Baranikha River, in the Kolyma district of Siberia, but, owing to local ignorance of its scientific value, only the tip, cut off and dried, was preserved, as a curiosity. Eventually, it found its way to the above-mentioned Academy's Zoological Museum. We abridge here a description of it by an official of that institution, Mr. C. Flerov: "It has a total length of 28 cm., and is completely dried up and somewhat deformed. Its general colour is dark greyish-brown, the inner side being darker than the outer. The hair-covering is absent, but on examining the outside with a lens one may see the hair pores. They are of two kinds—(1) minute and equally distributed all over the outer surface (about five to a square mm.); and (2) larger ones (one to a square cm.). It may be concluded that the trunk was rather densely covered with hair of two kinds to its very tip—(1) thin and probably short hairs, the under-fur; (2) thick, sparse, and comparatively long hairs. On the outer side are traces of transverse wrinkles, similar to those on the trunk of our contemporary elephants. The end of the trunk is stretched gradually into a finger-like appendix (Fig. 2) without any abrupt contraction as on the trunks of Indian and African elephants (Figs. 1 and 3). This appendix

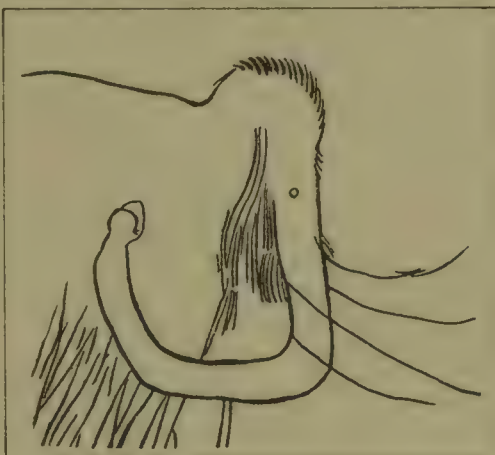


FIG. 4. PREHISTORIC ART WHOSE ACCURACY IS NOW CONFIRMED: PART OF A DRAWING OF A MAMMOTH IN THE COMBARELLE CAVE, DISTINCTLY SHOWING THE BI-LOBED TRUNK TIP.

is much longer and wider than that of the elephants. The lower mobile part (lip) is developed into a lobe protruding strongly; its form is in general similar to that of the Indian elephant (Fig. 1), and has not the slightest likeness to the lower finger-like appendix of the African elephant (Fig. 3). The lower lip is about twice as long as the lower margin of *Elephas maximus* and probably was a great deal more active. Thus the tip of a mammoth's trunk seems to have been bi-lobed, owing to the broad finger-like appendix, and was an excellent organ for grasping. This structure is confirmed in the drawings of the cave man. Thus, for instance, two large lobes terminating the trunk are distinctly represented in the drawing from the Combarelle cave (Fig. 4). They are also reproduced in other drawings. These drawings are of very great importance, as the cave man was extraordinarily keen at noticing physical details of animals. This marked development of the upper finger-like appendix and the lower lobe is directly connected with the mammoth's feeding habits. With such a trunk, it could pluck large bunches of grass, and particularly moss, with much greater ease than the Indian and African elephants. In winter, when it had to feed on branches of trees, it used its trunk in the same way as other elephants

do. Such a huge animal could hardly have dug sufficient food from under a frozen sheet of snow without special appliances, such as the reindeer's hoof. We may now more or less definitely say that the mammoth fed in winter mostly upon arboreal vegetation, and changed its diet for a herbaceous one in summer, having an advantage over present-day elephants in the form of its bi-lobed trunk."



FIG. 5. THE TIP OF THE FIRST TRUNK OF A MAMMOTH (*ELEPHAS PRIMIGENIUS*) THAT HAS EVER BEEN DISCOVERED: A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE INNER SIDE, SHOWING THE "LONG FINGER-LIKE APPENDIX" AND LARGE LOWER LIP (HERE SEEN ABOVE IT).



FIG. 6. THE OUTER SURFACE OF THE TIP OF THE MAMMOTH'S TRUNK RECOVERED FROM FROZEN SOIL BESIDE A RIVER IN SIBERIA: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE WRINKLED SURFACE, ON WHICH A MAGNIFYING-GLASS REVEALS HAIR-PORES.

GERMANY ONCE MORE!

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

The distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our series of occasional articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

ONCE more Germany has brought anxiety to the world. All will scrutinise the two ballots for the Presidential Election, all will scrutinise the Prussian election—even as in old days the augurs examined the entrails of the victims—in order to read the future. The signs are contradictory and obscure. Shall we, instead of looking towards the future, take a comprehensive view of the history of Germany since 1919? To look back to the past is sometimes the best means of understanding the present from which the future is about to spring.

Like the coalition which had overthrown Napoleon in 1814-15, the coalition which had beaten Germany was fated, in 1919, to reorganise Europe. In order to reorganise it, it must, like the coalition of 1814-15, choose between two

isolation, which revealed itself as the most dangerous of the three. As all recourse to credit was forbidden her by Article 248 of the Treaty of Versailles, Germany could only have recourse to inflation, by clinging to the plank of paper money. She did not take the road of mortmain; and she ended in bankruptcy, followed by the occupation of the Ruhr. In the face of this huge crash, Europe understood that the method must be changed: this resulted in the Dawes Plan, Locarno, the new political policy personified in two countries by two men who are here no longer—Stresemann and Briand. In five years the Young Plan was devised and the anticipated evacuation of the Rhinelands was accomplished.

What did that change portend? A return to the methods of the Congress of Vienna; the reawakening of the spirit of Talleyrand and of Metternich; an effort to reorganise Europe, which was no longer outside Germany but was with her collaboration. The moral isolation ceased with Germany's admittance to the League of Nations. Those provisions of the Dawes Plan which suspended the privilege of the credit of the Allies in favour of the first great world loan made by Germany, and the facilities for credit which Germany found everywhere after 1926, delivered her from that economic isolation. Without touching those Articles of the Peace Treaty which disarmed Germany, the controls and the measure of superintendence were suppressed, and, by adding

But a war capable of upsetting the world is not an event which can repeat itself merely because a political party wishes it. Even if we credit the belief that the National Socialists really desire a great war as much as they say they do—of which we are not sure—we must agree that the mere return of that Party to power would not necessarily mean that they could let slip the dogs.

The immediate danger which a dictatorship of National Socialism in Germany would present would not be general war; it would be a secession of Germany which would make all collaboration between her and the great States of the West impossible, on no matter what basis—diplomatic, politic, economic, or moral. By establishing that dictatorship, Germany in her turn would do what Russia did in 1917, when she allowed Bolshevism to seize the power: she would leave the community of European nations with a secession less violent and radical, but a secession whose consequences would be much more serious. In order that two nations shall be able to live in peace, carry on commerce, enter into engagements with each other, sign treaties which are not scraps of paper, confide their security not only to armies but also to reciprocal good faith, it is necessary that a certain confidence shall exist between them. It is the possibility of that reasonable confidence which would completely disappear on the day on which the dictatorship of National Socialism took possession of Germany. That confidence would even be replaced between her and the great States of the West by a delirium of mutual persecution which would authorise the gravest suspicions and accusations on both sides; all would live from day to day ever expecting unknown catastrophes, a revolution or war, which would certainly happen sooner or later.

Despite Russia's secession, Europe has been able to continue to live and work and to seek laboriously the basis of a new order. The secession of Germany would plunge the whole of Europe into inextricable disorder and multiply by ten or by a hundred all the actual difficulties. One would be tempted at certain moments, faced with the sinister possibilities, to believe in an inexplicable Fate. I travelled through Germany from south to north, from east to west, in 1922; it seemed at that time that the whole



THE PARTHENON FLOOD-LIT TO CELEBRATE GREEK INDEPENDENCE DAY: A VIEW FROM THE SOUTH-WEST WHICH GIVES SOME IDEA OF THE BRILLIANT SUCCESS OF THE EXPERIMENT.

In last week's issue we touched on the recent illuminations of the Acropolis buildings at Athens, and return to the subject here with three remarkable photographs which show the beautiful effects achieved by the lighting of the marble. The work was carried out by the Athens Piræus Electricity Company.

methods—reorganisation with the collaboration of Germany or reorganisation outside Germany and without her. The Congress of Vienna chose the first of these two methods. It judged that by overthrowing Napoleon and recalling the Bourbons France had atoned sufficiently for her revolutionary sins towards the great monarchies of Europe. From 1815 to 1848 France was a pillar of the new European Order established in Vienna in 1814-15, with the same rights and the same obligations as her former adversaries.

If the history of the nineteenth century had not been falsified by the most opposed political interests, the Europe of 1919 would not have been ignorant that it owed to the policy pursued by the Congress of Vienna certain benefits with which the nineteenth century had endowed it. But in 1919 any member of the Peace Conference would have considered it a personal affront if anyone had dared to tell him that he might learn something useful by studying the school of thought of 1815. Most of the delegates had come to Paris with the sincere conviction that they were at last called upon by history to repair the criminal errors which had been committed by the great reactionaries of 1815.

Thus the Congress of Vienna chose the second method, that of reorganising Europe outside Germany; while the Treaty of Versailles imposed a régime of diplomatic, moral, and economic isolation upon Germany! Her disarmament made it impossible for Germany to create for herself a political autonomy of foreign affairs; that was diplomatic isolation. Her exclusion from the League of Nations isolated her morally. Article 248 of the Treaty, which established a privilege of the first order in favour of her creditors, the Allies, on all German properties, public and private, completed her economic isolation, and forbade her all recourse to foreign credit, by obliging her to disentangle herself after her losses in the war as best she could and by means of her own internal resources.

That isolation lasted for five years and ended in a catastrophe. The catastrophe was not caused by Germany's diplomatic or moral isolation, but by her economic

the liberation of territory, one may say that there remained at the end of June 1930 a mere shadow of that diplomatic isolation to which the Treaty had condemned Germany in 1919.

Therefore, after five years of negotiations and concessions, one began to hope in 1930 that the way of salvation had been found. The evacuation of the Rhinelands on the 30th of June, 1930, had been saluted by liberal Europe as the dawn of true and definite peace. Two months afterwards, in September, came a catastrophe that upset everything. At the general elections to the Reichstag, the National Socialist Party won seven million votes and carried off over a hundred seats. If between 1919 and 1925 the conquerors had refused collaboration with Germany, in 1930, five years after Europe had renounced the policy of isolation, it was Germany who drew herself up in the face of Europe and said, "No; we do not want the collaboration you offer us."

It is well to understand thoroughly that game of seesaw which threatens to turn the whole of Western civilisation upside down. Men always dread or hope to find in the future the repetition of the past, whether they detest or love it. It took a century for the world to be convinced that France was not about to re-begin the great adventure of 1789. To-day, when one thinks of Germany, all the world instinctively sees her rushing once more to arms as in 1914 and provoking a second universal conflict.



THE ERECHTHEUM FLOOD-LIT: A GENERAL VIEW FROM THE SOUTH-WEST, SHOWING THE PORTICO OF THE CARYATIDES, WHICH IS REPRODUCED IN GREATER DETAIL ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

of Germany only desired to be called in by Europe to collaborate in the combined work; that she was sure to save herself, with Europe, if she were readmitted on an equality to the great Western family. She obtained almost everything that she desired; why, then, at this moment does such an important part of Germany revolt and refuse in its turn, by saying "No" to a Europe which had at last decided to say "Yes"? It is evident that if the dialogue were to continue on this note it could only finish very badly.

In these circumstances it is not very surprising that many people lose patience and conclude that there is nothing to be done, that we can only prepare for a catastrophe. But the catastrophe has not yet happened; and, as long as hope exists, it will be the duty of all the Western peoples and governments to do their best to prevent it. We must not lose courage, and, in order not to lose it, it is necessary to keep ever before our minds a very simple truth in which the secret of salvation may be hidden. We live in an epoch of unchained passions, in which reason has abdicated almost all its sovereign rights. The most

(Continued on page 596.)

ATTIC ARCHITECTURE UNDER MODERN LIGHTING: THE ERECHTHEUM.



THE PORTICO OF THE CARYATIDES FLOOD-LIT: THE SOUTH-WEST CORNER OF THE ERECHTHEUM AS IT APPEARED BY NIGHT ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE DAY OF GREEK INDEPENDENCE.

The anniversary of the Independence of Greece fell this year on Good Friday, and the occasion was celebrated in Athens by the flood-lighting of the old Acropolis buildings—the first time this experiment has been made. On March 25 and the three following nights, which were all, happily, dark and overcast, the inhabitants of Athens were surprised to see the Theseum and the temples of the Acropolis standing out brilliantly against the night and visible from far out to sea. There was general delight at the beauty of the effect, and a reputable

organ of the Athenian Press described the illuminations as “perfect in every respect.” Our photograph shows a gem of Attic art, the Portico of the Caryatides at the corner of the Erechtheum, as it appeared flood-lit; and proves that there need be no incongruity in the use of modern methods of illumination on an ancient monument. It may be of interest to recall that one of the maidens of the portico, the third from the left in our photograph, is a reproduction in terra-cotta of a figure removed by Lord Elgin and now in the British Museum.

THE UNCROWNED QUEEN OF EUROPE.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"THE DU BARRY": by KARL VON SCHUMACHER.*

(PUBLISHED BY GEORGE G. HARRAP.)

MME. DU BARRY is again soliciting the attention of the English theatre-going public; and that is her rightful posthumous vocation, for the great courtesans of history are always "dramatic" figures. Theirs is the life of violent contrast; and when Balzac wrote of the "Splendeurs et Misères des Courtesanes," it was such as the du Barry whom he had in mind. There was much "splendour" in her life, and although its garishness was foredoomed to the "misery" of her end, there was a certain dashing brilliance in its manner which we cannot but admire, in spite of ourselves. Let us not say merely that we regard her indulgently *quia multum amavit*, for, as Sir Anthony Hope has dryly observed, that tag would often be more accurately put, *quia multos amavit*, and the *mot* has no little force in the case of Mme. du Barry. Our likes and dislikes of people are independent of moral judgments, and our likes are inspired by the little, generous qualities rather than by the grand virtues. Only a very austere-minded reader of Mr. Schumacher's admirable study will escape the spell of Mme. du Barry's charm and amiability. When all has been said, all judgments pronounced, she remains for posterity a "good sort"; and it is the "good sorts" of the world who earn charity and affection and forgiveness more easily than the saints of the world!

Mr. Schumacher depicts Mme. du Barry's character, from many angles, with great clarity; and none of his well-chosen historical evidence presents a more vivid picture of the woman than a letter of the Comte de Cheverny, written at a time when she had fallen from glory. "She came alone in a carriage with six horses, and walked in with easy dignity. She was tall, splendidly built, and in every way a beautiful woman. My wife was the only other woman of the party. All Mme. du Barry's attentions were directed, therefore, to her and to the master of the house; to everyone she was amiable and gracious. She bore the greater part of the burden of the conversation,

life of a man of sixty-four years, who had tasted every kind of sensuous pleasure, came to an end. Her conversation had in no way disillusioned us."

This great lady, this accomplished *mondaine*, this epitome of her period, was the illegitimate daughter, born in 1743, of a cook. Her infancy was spent "below stairs." She received a good convent education, somewhat above the station in life for which she seemed to be destined. First as a hairdresser's apprentice, and next as a reader to a widow with impressionable sons, she seems to have exercised more fascination than her employers found quite convenient; and it was when she was a saleswoman at the Maison Labille—an occupation which Mr. Schumacher describes as "that of the novice of a priestess of Venus"—that the notorious Comte du Barry fell an easy victim to the same spell. With this sinister adventurer—gambler, blackmailer, *sou-teneur*, and sponger, whose way of life had earned him the title of "the Roué"—she lived for four years as the "Comtesse du Barry." And then the King saw her at Versailles—in what circumstances, and whether by the pre-arrangement of herself or of du Barry (who desired nothing more fervently than this meeting), Mr. Schumacher does not inform us.

There was "a vacancy at Versailles." Pompadour was dead, and Louis XV., melancholy, lonely, and exhausted by unsatisfying dissipation, was in urgent need of stimulating companionship. This, he realised at once, the du Barry could supply in a degree and in a manner very different from the perfunctory arts of his other numerous playmates. She was marked out at once for the position of reigning favourite; but her plebeian origin and her chequered past were too much at first even for the French Court. The technical difficulty was soon overcome: the "Comte" du Barry supplied a dummy husband in the person of his own brother, and this brief appearance at the altar—any altar—provided the necessary respectability for a King's mistress! Her position was finally consolidated when (in 1769) she was presented at Court, after bitter controversy. Within a few years she was one of the most influential women in the world. "The whole of Europe reckoned more and more with the political power of the favourite. The Viennese Court flattered her; the Kings of Prussia and of England strove to obtain her goodwill, and the future Gustavus III. of Sweden hoped to secure with her help the subsidies needed for the mastery of his recalcitrant nobles. Even the unhappy Poles looked to the King's mistress as the woman who might be able to save their country from the hovering rapacity of the Empresses of Austria and Russia and Frederick of Prussia."

Inevitably, she became the centre of complex and unrelenting intrigue. The Duc de Choiseul, who, with Pompadour, had ruled France for so long, declared war upon her, was badly worsted, and fell into disgrace. His attempt to restore his prestige by war with England Mme. du Barry decisively thwarted. Her chief partisans, the Duc d'Aiguillon and the Duc de Richelieu, now ruled the state through her, and, in accordance with the "spoils system" of the day, took energetic revenge upon all their political adversaries. Poor Helen was perpetually the focus of Greek and Trojan passions far beyond the capacity of her easy-going nature. Throughout it all she remained the "good sort." She was lovely. She had style in all she did. She was gay, bringing to the King's sombre temperament and life a vivacity which he had not experienced since those youthful days when he had been dubbed *Bien-Aimé*—how ironically the years were to prove. She was generous, witty, sensible in judgment. She had dignity. She was kind-hearted, always ready to use her influence for the distressed friend of a friend; and, what was miraculous in her day and in her circle, she was magnanimous. She actually interceded to save Choiseul from complete ruin and beggary, though every act of his had shown that he would have seen her in the

gutter or on the scaffold with the utmost glee. In Marie Antoinette she had another implacable enemy, who put upon her—no doubt quite rightly, from her own point of view—one slight after another. For her, too, when she had fallen into the hands of the mob and was merely awaiting the inevitable end in agonised suspense, Mme. du Barry interceded. There is no evidence that she ever abused the power which a prank of Fate had thrust upon her in such prodigious measure, or that the envy, malice, and uncharitableness of the moribund French Court infected her half as much as most of her contemporaries. For her, as for Mary Magdalen, when she "tirls at the pin" of Peter's gate, the blackbird will pipe: "Let her in! Let her in!"

Louis XV. lay dying of smallpox. The scenes—unparalleled, perhaps, in all history for their ferocious cynicism—of which his death-bed was the centre, are admirably and terribly described by Mr. Schumacher. In terror for his miserable soul—assuming that he ever had any—the King pronounced sentence upon his uncrowned Queen: "Now that I know how things are with me, the scandal of Metz must not be repeated. I owe it to God and to my people; therefore you must withdraw. Tell the Duc d'Aiguillon to come to me at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, and be assured that I shall always cherish feelings of sincere friendship for you."

Such the farewell of the man whose declining days she had illuminated beyond any possible expectation; such the requital which was owed "to God and to my people." The King passed to his account with all his sins absolved—shriven, houseled,



THE SUCCESSOR OF THE POMPADOUR IN THE AFFECTIONS OF LOUIS XV.: A CHARMING PORTRAIT OF MME. DU BARRY.



IN THE MASCULINE GARB WHICH SHE WORE WHEN FOLLOWING THE HUNT: MME. DU BARRY IN HUNTING DRESS.

"Drouais, to whom fell the honour of painting her, was so bewildered by her exceeding and manifold beauty that he felt it impossible to render his impressions in a single painting. He therefore tried to solve the problem by making two pictures: one representing her as Flora, in female dress, the other as a huntress, in masculine garb."

Reproductions by Courtesy of Harrap, Publishers of "The Du Barry."

talking about Louveciennes, of which we know that it is a wonderful place, both on account of the good taste with which it is arranged, and of its luxury and splendour. . . . She told us she took a cold bath every day, she showed us that under her long fur cloak she was wearing only her chemise and a thin dressing-gown. Everything she wears is of such a quality—the remains of her former grandeur—that I have never seen a finer *batiste*. . . . At six o'clock she went away as quickly as she had come, and left upon all of us the impression that she had been sensible enough to return to a more ordinary station in life with incomparable good-humour, that she must have been a charming *inamorata*, and our astonishment over the part she had played in the



FROM A PAINTING BY MME. VIGÉE-LEBRUN: MME. DU BARRY AT THE AGE OF FORTY.

and anealed; will the blackbird pipe for him at Peter's gate? Blackbirds, we hope, have more discrimination.

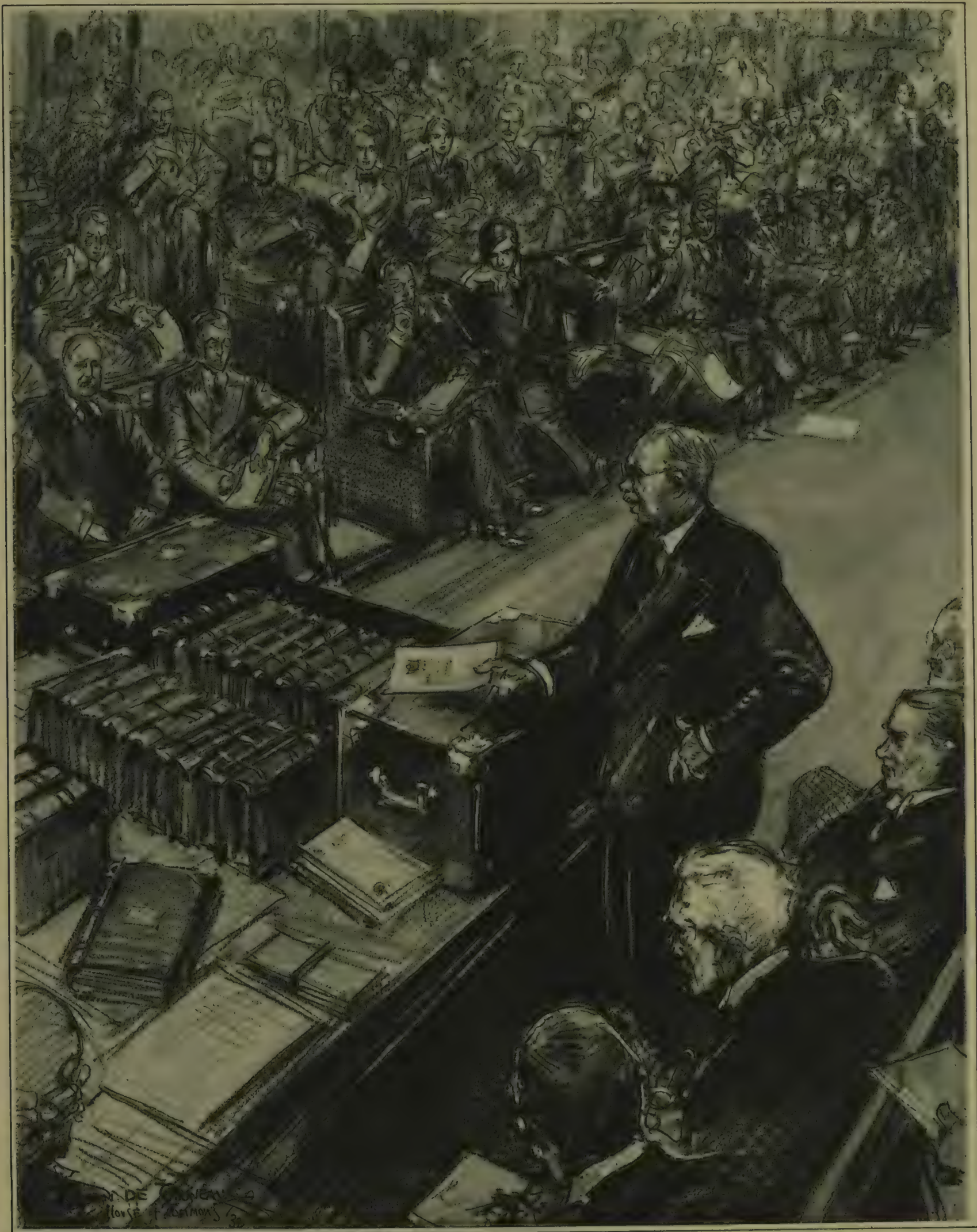
Mme. du Barry had the philosophy of the courtesan. She accepted her luck. There was a brief interlude in eclipse—the deep eclipse, indeed, of a convent, where she

(Continued on page 598.)

* "The Du Barry." By Karl von Schumacher. Translated by Dorothy M. Richardson. (George G. Harrap; 12s. 6d. net.)

THE IRISH FREE STATE OATH: A DRAMATIC MOMENT IN THE HOUSE.

DRAWN BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE HOUSE.



"THE GOVERNMENT . . . STAND ABSOLUTELY BY THE TREATY SETTLEMENT": MR. J. H. THOMAS, DOMINIONS SECRETARY, MAKING HIS MEMORABLE STATEMENT IN PARLIAMENT ON THE IRISH OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.

In the House of Commons on April 11, Mr. J. H. Thomas, Secretary for Dominion Affairs, stated: "The Government have now examined, and have sent a reply to, the despatch received from the Irish Free State Government last week. In view of the great importance of these communications, the Government have decided that their text should be made immediately available to the House, and hon. members will find copies ready in the Votes Office. I will not, therefore, attempt to summarise the correspondence. I will only say that in their reply to Mr. de Valera the Government have reaffirmed in unmistakable language that they stand absolutely by the Treaty Settlement." Mr. Lansbury gave notice that the Opposition, after considering the document,

might ask for a debate, and the Prime Minister promised to facilitate it. Mr. Thomas held in his hand a copy of the White Paper to which he referred. In the course of his final despatch we read: "What is actually raised is nothing less than a repudiation of the settlement of 1921 as a whole. . . . His Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom adhere absolutely to the view . . . that the Oath is an integral part of the Treaty Settlement." The same despatch was equally definite concerning the payment of the Irish Land Annuities, according to undertakings "binding in law and honour on the Irish Free State." In the right foreground are Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Baldwin (second and third from left). On the other side, in front, is Mr. Lansbury (extreme left).

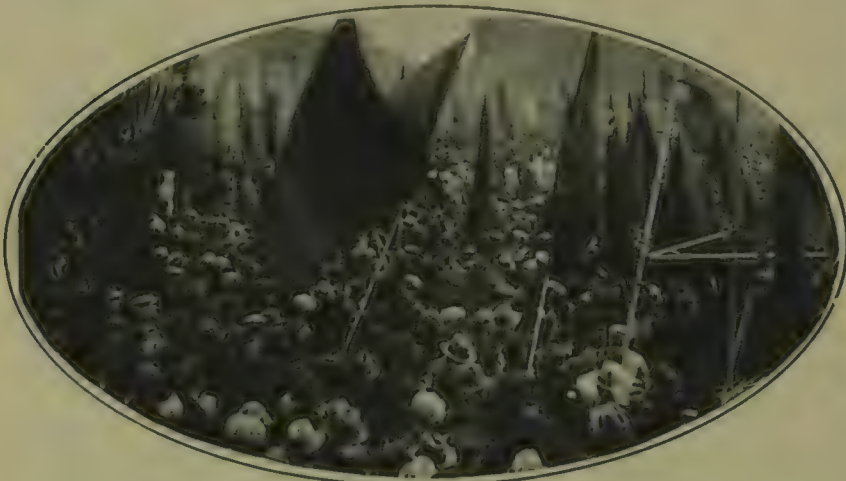
VON HINDENBURG RE-ELECTED GERMAN PRESIDENT: THE SECOND BALLOT.



PRESIDENT VON HINDENBURG'S MOST FORMIDABLE OPPONENT MAKING A FIGHTING SPEECH: HERR ADOLF HITLER, THE NAZI LEADER, A FIGURE TO BE RECKONED WITH AT THE FORTHCOMING PRUSSIAN STATE ELECTIONS.



COUNTERING HERR HITLER'S NUMEROUS ELECTION CAMPAIGN FLIGHTS: A "HINDENBURG" PROPAGANDA AEROPLANE READY TO BE FLOWN OVER BERLIN ON THE DAY BEFORE THE SECOND BALLOT.



RIVALLING THE RECENT MEETING HELD AT THE SAME PLACE IN FAVOUR OF HERR HITLER: A LUSTGARTEN GATHERING TO FURTHER THE CAMPAIGN OF PRESIDENT VON HINDENBURG.



AFTER HAVING VOTED IN THE SECOND BALLOT: INVALIDS BEING WHEELED FROM A BERLIN POLLING STATION.

The second and final ballot in the fateful German Presidential Election took place on April 10. President von Hindenburg was re-elected President by a large majority over his most formidable opponent, Adolf Hitler, the leader of the Nazis, and Thaelmann, the Communist. The figures were: Hindenburg, 19,359,642; Hitler, 13,417,460; Thaelmann, 3,706,388. It will be seen that President von Hindenburg increased his poll by over 700,000 votes; and that Herr Hitler increased his poll from 11,339,285 to 13,417,460. Needless to say, the Nazis have expressed satisfaction with the result, and they are boasting that it is an



RE-ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE GERMAN REPUBLIC FOR A PERIOD OF SEVEN YEARS: FIELD-MARSHAL PAUL VON HINDENBURG, WHO IS EIGHTY-FOUR AND NOW HOLDS OFFICE FOR THE SECOND TIME.



THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR AFTER VOTING FOR VON HINDENBURG: DR. BRÜNING LEAVING THE POLLING STATION.

excellent omen for their chances at the forthcoming Prussian State Elections, which are fixed for April 24. Field-Marshal von Hindenburg is also exceedingly pleased. In a message of thanks he has stated: "I will continue to conduct my office in the spirit of impartiality and justice and with the firm determination to help our Fatherland to freedom and equality of rights abroad and to revival at home. To all German men and women I address the exhortation, 'Let dissensions cease and close the ranks.' Only if we stand together shall we be strong enough to master our fate."

ANDEAN ERUPTIONS THROW ASH ON BUENOS AIRES: A VOLCANO CONCERNED.



ONE OF FOUR VOLCANOES IN THE ANDES THAT RECENTLY BURST INTO SIMULTANEOUS ACTIVITY: QUIZAPU IN ERUPTION—
A SCENE TYPICAL OF THE UPHEAVALS THAT SCATTERED VOLCANIC ASH ACROSS SOUTH AMERICA.

Violent outbursts of volcanic activity began in the Andes, between Chile and Argentina, on April 10, and the ashes were blown hundreds of miles across the continent. A message of the 11th from Santiago de Chile stated that the volcanoes of Descabezado (12,756 ft.), long thought extinct, and Las Yeguas (11,342 ft.), 300 miles to the south, besides Tinguirica (15,676 ft.), only about 100 miles south, and Quizapu, were in active eruption. At the same time, in Buenos Aires, some 700 miles away, there was a steady fall of volcanic ash (totalling some 3000 tons), causing people to weep and cough, and thickly coating motor-cars. Trains from Mendoza arrived covered with ash, as by a snowfall. Explosions were audible throughout the Department of San Rafael, where ashes fell a foot deep.

Even at Montevideo, in Uruguay, over 800 miles from the nearest erupting volcano, a rain of volcanic cinders descended. Later reports stated that over an area of nearly 300 miles from Mount Descabezado the air was almost unbreathable because of sulphurous gas, and there was an urgent demand for oxygen cylinders. The rain of ashes was worst in the Cordillera region, and airmen reported "visibility nil." Great cracks in the earth appeared under the town of Malargue, in the Mendoza province of Argentina, where earthquake shocks occurred, and plans were begun for removing 80,000 people from the province. About a year ago, it may be recalled, the Prince of Wales and Prince George saw the Andean volcanoes, while on their way from Chile to Buenos Aires.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:



FINDER OF COLONEL FAWCETT?—M. RATTIN, THE SWISS HUNTER.

Divergent accounts seem to indicate that Colonel Fawcett, the British explorer who has been missing for seven years in the South American jungle, is alive. M. Rattin, the Swiss hunter, states that he found a white man, who said that he was Colonel Fawcett, held captive by a native tribe.



DR. HANS LUTHER.

Dr. Luther, the President of the Reichsbank, was fired at and slightly injured on the Potsdamer Station, Berlin, on April 9. Two men were arrested and identified as Dr. Max Rosen, born in Buenos Aires, and Herr Werner Ketscher, supporters of a so-called "Free Money" movement.



MME. HANAU.

The French woman financier and journalist who escaped from custody when detained in connection with the "Gazette du Franc" case. She was arrested in Paris on April 8 on a charge of illegally procuring and publishing a State document. Later, the police made a close search of the offices of the Banque de l'Union Publique, which are in the same building as those of Mme. Hanau's financial weekly, "Forces."



THE FRENCH RECORD LONG-DISTANCE FLIGHT: MM. BOUSSOUTROT AND ROSSI WELCOMED BY M. BLERIOT (CENTRE) IN PARIS.

It will be remembered that MM. Boussoutrot and Rossi recently broke the world's record for flying in a closed circuit (in Algeria) after covering 10,605 kilometres (6625 miles) in 76½ hours. They thus beat the previous record, held by MM. Le Brix and Doret, by 230 kilometres. Their machine was a Bleriot monoplane. They are here seen being welcomed by M. Bleriot on their return to Paris.



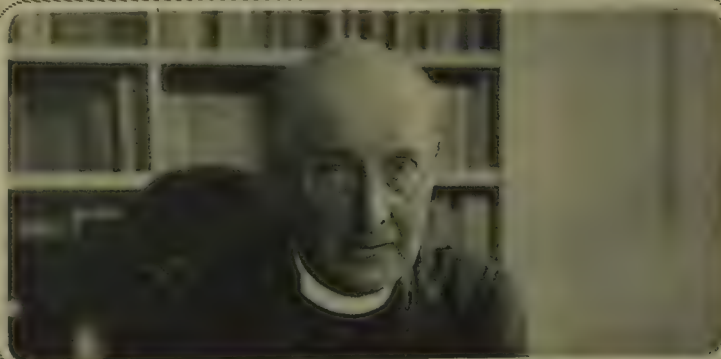
MISS KATHERINE STAMMERS.

Beat Miss D. E. Round in the final round of the Ladies' Singles of the Surrey Hard Court Lawn-Tennis Championship, by two sets to love. Gave an exhibition of extraordinarily fine play, in spite of the high wind that was blowing.



CAPTAIN LARKING, C.B.E.

Secretary of the Early Closing Association. Died April 6, aged seventy-four. Was assistant secretary of the Association 1883-1913, and secretary from then till his death. Instrumental in securing the Shop Seats Act and Shops Hours Acts.



DR. GARBETT: THE NEW BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

It was announced on April 6 that the Rt. Reverend C. F. Garbett (Lord Bishop of Southwark), had been translated to the Bishopric of Winchester, vacant by the death of Dr. F. T. Woods. Dr. Garbett is fifty-seven. He was Vicar of Portsea for ten years before being translated to Southwark in 1919. He is known for his interest in social questions.



SIR RICHARD SQUIRES.

Prime Minister of Newfoundland. Forced to hide when a mob attacked the Assembly House at St. John's, demanding the resignation of the Government. Later he returned and stated that he had no intention of resigning.



MR. JUSTICE LAWRENCE.

Appointed one of the Justices of the High Court (King's Bench Division). Is fifty-one. Took silk in 1925. Attorney-General to the Prince of Wales, 1928. Recorder of Oxford, 1924. Served in the Artillery 1914-18, winning a D.S.O.



THE INDEFINITE ADJOURNMENT OF THE FOUR-POWER CONFERENCE: (FROM L. TO R.) HERR V. BULOW, MR. RUNCIMAN, SIR JOHN SIMON, AND SIGNOR GRANDI.

Our readers will remember that we reproduced in our last issue a group taken on the occasion of the visit of MM. Tardieu and Flandin to London on the eve of the Four-Power Conference. Here are seen four leading figures of the actual Conference, which opened at the Foreign Office at 2.30 on April 6. French views regarding the measures to be adopted for the rehabilitation of the Danubian States differed from those of Germany and Italy, and the Conference was indefinitely adjourned.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



A PIONEER OF AVIATION: THE LATE MR. EUSTACE SHORT.

The famous aeronaut, a partner in the firm of Short Brothers, was found dead in a seaplane he had just been flying on April 8. He was sixty-two. He began as a maker of balloons, and turned to aeroplanes in 1907. He and his brother were preparing for an ascent in an enormous specially-designed balloon.



LORD NORTH.

Lord North, who has been called the "Nestor of Hunting," died on April 8, aged ninety-five. He was joint Master of the Warwickshire as far back as 1861, and Master until 1866, when he took over the Bicester Hunt, of which he was Master until 1870. He also "Mastered" a private pack.



MR. LATHAM.

Mr. Latham, Attorney-General of Australia, arrived in London on April 9, and said: "Australia greatly appreciates the recent action of the British Government and Parliament in according preferences to Dominion goods. . . . Such action is a good augury for the success of the (sc.Ottawa) Conference. If the Conference fails, the opportunity may not come again, and the Empire may fall apart into separate, possibly insignificant units."

The Art of the Chinese Lapidary: Gems of Ancient Carving.

DESCRIPTIVE ARTICLE BY H. D'ARDEÑNE DE TIZAC, CONSERVATOR OF THE CERNUSCHI MUSEUM, PARIS. (CONTINUED ON THE TWO SUCCEEDING PAGES.)



FIG. 1. ANCIENT CHINESE CARVINGS FORMING A DELIGHTFUL CONTRAST IN TWO VARIETIES OF BLUE STONE: (LEFT TO RIGHT) A SITTING BIRD IN LAPIS LAZULI; AN INTRICATE DESIGN IN TURQUOISE; AND A LAPIS LAZULI BOWL.
(From the Respective Collections of M. Poberejsky, M. Sauerbach, and M. Van Gelder.)



FIG. 2. AN AMETHYST FAINTLY TINTED WITH AQUAMARINE: AN ANTIQUE CHINESE CARVING. (From the Collection of the Marquise de Chasseloup-Laubat.)



FIG. 3. CHALCEDONY VEINED WITH RED: AN EXQUISITE SPECIMEN OF ANCIENT CHINESE LAPIDARY ART. (From the Collection of M. Knudsen.)

A CHARMING woman once asked a sinologist the reason for the vogue of jade. "Madame," replied the old scholar, "we cannot do better than call to witness Confucius, the repository of all wisdom. Confucius saw in jade the symbols of intelligence, justice, humanity, and harmony. The ancient Chinese agreed with him in considering jade the most precious of substances, so pure that the Emperor, when preparing for great sacrifices, was fed only on jade dissolved in aromatic wine. Nowadays everything is on a less majestic scale. Jade is loved for its beauty. It is also loved because it is fashionable." Up to about the Christian era, the Chinese got their jade from native quarries in the basin of the Yellow River; its colours were black (from chromate of iron), brown, blood-red (oxide of iron), or green (chrome). Then for 2000 years Turkestan supplied the Celestial Empire with the kind of jade having the familiar greasy appearance. The name "jade" is roughly given both to real jade, a mixture of silicate of chalk and magnesium, and to jadeite, a mixture of silicate of aluminium and soda. The Chinese jade named *yu* belongs to the first category. It can be recognised by a simple method: just put it against your cheek, and even on the hottest day you will experience

[Continued opposite.]



FIG. 4. CHINA'S FAVOURITE STONE: A JADE PLAQUE IN EMERALD-GREEN.
(From the Collection of the Marquise de Chasseloup-Laubat.)

Continued.]

a feeling of extreme chill. Jade is so hard that a knife makes no marks on it, but it is extremely brittle. In its pure state jade is absolutely white, like swan's plumage; in this condition it was reserved for the Emperor's use. The ideal whiteness is still most appreciated in China, and remains very rare. In point of fact, "white" jade often has a bluish or greenish reflection (Figs. 7 and 8), like that of butter-milk; or a yellowish tinge suggestive of cream. It is an error to call the colour green "jade," as though that were its fundamental hue; green jade only exists when chrome is present, and even then it is of different shades—grey-green, sea-green, lettuce-green, grass-green, spinach-green, apple-green—before it reaches emerald-green (Fig. 4), so much sought after by elegant Western women. The Chinese exhaust all the subtleties of language to describe the shades of their favourite stone. But the eye is not the only organ invited to the jade feast: the Chinese finger possesses a delicacy that we lack. A subtle Chinese will hide under his garments some small jade object which he secretly caresses. To express his delicate sensations, he compares the softness of morning dew or cooling rain; the

[Continued overleaf.]

THE "PRINCE" OF PRECIOUS STONES IN CHINA AND SOME OF ITS "COURTIERS"— EXAMPLES OF ANCIENT CHINESE WORK IN JADE, AGATE, CRYSTAL, MALACHITE, AND AMBER.

DESCRIPTIVE ARTICLE BY H. D'ARDENNE DE TIÉAC, CONSERVATOR OF THE CERAMICS MUSEUM, PARIS. (CONTINUED FROM THE PRECEDING PAGE.)

(Continued from previous page.)

bloom on a child's cheek or the light feel of silk. Jade work was in great favour in ancient China. The artisans formed a special class at the Court, and a high official had charge of the jade objects in the Temple of the Ancestor. It is a problem much discussed as to the means by which the primitive Chinese elaborated the thin plaques of jade, perfectly polished and often bevelled. Most probably they used the common, primitive method of cracking or splitting. A piece of jade was first thinned by cracking, and then the rough edges were worn down with water and fine sand. The brilliant polish was obtained by rubbing it with a paste composed of the waste from the previous operation. There is nothing the Chinese workman cannot accomplish. Sometimes he produces the simple and noble form of an antique vase. Then again, giving rein to his fantasy, he delights to bring into being a world of flowers and insects. He will fashion a tiger, a toad, the face of Confucius, a dragon-fly on the edge of a lotus leaf. It is often the structure or the colour of a piece of jade which determines the subject. Nothing carefully the contour of the surface, the distribution of colour veins, and the poise of the object, he will shape, now a dancer with raised arms, or, preferably, a motionless Buddha. Nothing seems to find the craftsman at a loss. If the substance has a slight defect he will get from it some unexpected detail which will compel admiration. He is most at his ease amongst difficulties; in fact, he seeks for them, plays with them, and multiplies them, it would almost appear, in order to win the praises of the true connoisseur. Nowadays, jade has slipped into our drawing-rooms. It is not alone there. This prince of precious stones has surrounded himself with a numerous court. On most shelves jade has for near neighbours a whole collection of objects sculpted out of various substances called, sometimes quite incorrectly, "hard" stones. The decoration of modern houses makes a happy use of "hard" stones by means of the play of colours. In this respect, the



FIG. 6. A SUBSTANCE THAT ALMOST PALPITATES WITH LIFE: AGATE—A CHINESE CARVED RECUMBENT FIGURE. (From the Collection of M. Georges Cohen, of Antwerp.)

exhibition held three years ago at the Musée Cernuschi showed some happy examples. Placed separately on table or shelf, such objects lend distinction to a room. Beside a hanging of vivid hue, for example, put an amethyst faintly tinted (Fig. 2), or an aquamarine, and you will see the difference it makes. If you are lucky enough to own a bit of ancient malachite (Fig. 10) you will be surprised at the brilliance of its green in light or shade. I should like a group of eight or ten examples of lapis lazuli (Fig. 1, left and right). What delicate effects could be obtained by the play of sea-blue, azure, Persian blue, sapphire, and so on, down to the palest shades! The turquoise (Fig. 1, centre), often marked with a tracery of black veins, is a fine contrast to malachite and lapis lazuli. If you have a shelf near a window which catches the sun, then display your amber. It is quite a convention to call amber a hard stone, as it can easily be cut. This resinous fossil is sometimes opaque, and sometimes of a soft transparency; some pieces are veined like jasper, some are saffron-coloured, orange, or cydren-yellow; others become coloured, and, again, fiery red (Fig. 11). Crystal goes very well with silver, and on a dining-table some crystal objects are brighter than gaily-coloured porcelain. A connoisseur will delight to put beside pure crystals one or two pieces of the best period finely touched with oxidised or golden reflections (Fig. 9). Agate

Figs. 5 and 6) and cornelian are like two little sisters walking hand in hand. The cornelian has a dull beauty, ranging in colour from coral-pink to scarlet. Who can describe the soft dreaminess of the agate? She is a misty blonde, often neglected at first, but I know many collectors who will not look at anything else. Agate is supple, and lends itself to every fantasy of taste. Its substance almost palpitates with life. Anything of delicate form and movement can be wonderfully wrought in agate. Look at these two birds poised with open wings on a fruit (Fig. 5). Hush! They will fly away.—H. D'ARDENNE DE TIÉAC.



FIG. 5. A STONE THAT LENDS ITSELF TO EVERY FANTASY: AGATE—BIRDS ON FRUIT. (From the Collection of M. Georges Asher.)



FIG. 8. A VARIATION FROM PURE WHITE: A GREEN-VEINED JADE FIGURE, WITH A VASE OF SMOKED CRYSTAL. (From the Collection of M. and Mme. Freysinet.)



FIG. 9. "TOUCHED WITH GOLDEN REFLECTIONS": A CARVING IN OXIDISED ROCK-CRYSTAL. (From the Collection of Mme. Langereux.)



FIG. 10. REMARKABLE FOR THE BRILLIANCE OF ITS GREEN: MALACHITE—A FIGURE OF A BIRD. (From the Collection of M. Fernand Péliss.)



FIG. 7. THE FAVOURITE STONE OF THE CHINESE: JADE—AN EXAMPLE IN MARBLED GREEN. (From the Collection of M. Asher.)



FIG. 11. A SUBSTANCE THAT VARIES IN HUE ACCORDING TO LOCALITY: AMBER—A FINELY CARVED SPECIMEN IN RED. (From the Collection of M. Hildt.)

GUINNESS

IS GOOD FOR YOU

Nothing
takes
its
place

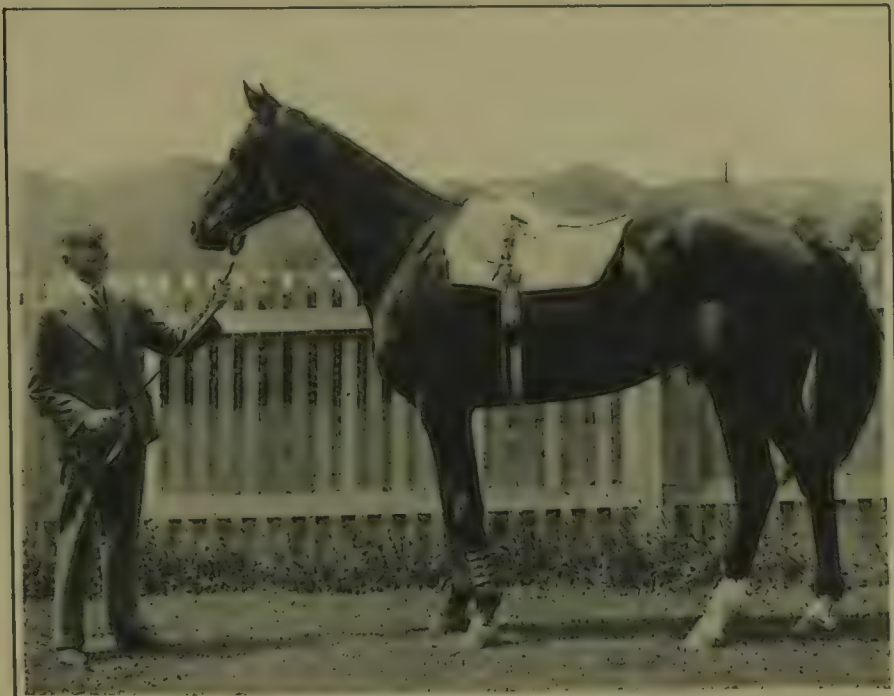


SPORTING MATTERS OF THE MOMENT: RACING AND ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.



A RACE-HORSE THROWS HIS JOCKEY, COMPLETES THE COURSE, RUNS BACK TOWARDS THE STARTING-GATE, IS RE-STARTED, AND WINS: THE RIDERLESS "ABBOTS WORTHY" TURNING AT THE WINNING-POST AFTER HIS ESCAPE.

The race for the Newbury Spring Cup, on Saturday, April 9, will be long remembered. "Abbots Worthy," a joint favourite, threw his jockey at the starting-gate and, riderless, completed the course. Having passed the post, he turned back towards the starting-gate. Then he was caught, was remounted, and was ridden back to the starting-gate at a canter. He gave no further trouble; and, on the race being re-started, he won it. In all, he covered three miles before the mile race itself—four in all.



THE WONDER HORSE THAT DIED MYSTERIOUSLY: "PHAR LAP," WHICH WON THIRTY-SEVEN OF THE FIFTY-ONE RACES IN WHICH IT RAN AND £66,000 IN STAKES, AND WAS SO VALUED BY ITS OWNER THAT HE REFUSED AN OFFER OF £60,000 FOR IT.

"Phar Lap," the Australian "wonder horse," died at Menlo Park, California, on April 5, quite unexpectedly and in somewhat mysterious circumstances. The first statement said merely that colic had been the cause of death. Then came various assertions; some of them sensational and at once denied, the others more reasonable. It would seem likely that the fatal illness was due to the horse nibbling some deleterious grass in the paddock or some grass that had been rendered poisonous by accident, by an arsenical tree-spray, for example.



"PHAR LAP" IN ACTION: AN ANALYSIS BY CINÉ-PICTURES; SHOWING THE AUSTRALIAN WONDER HORSE RUNNING AWAY FROM HIS RIVALS IN HIS LAST RACE—THE AGUA CALIENTE HANDICAP.

The Agua Caliente Handicap—prize £10,000—was "Phar Lap's" last race. It was run on March 20, and it was a famous victory for the Australian horse. When he died "Phar Lap" was at Menlo Park for training preparatory to running at the Tanforan course for a £5000 prize. At one time, it was thought that he would be sent to England, to race here this year, with Steve

Donoghue "up," but his owner came to the conclusion that our climate was too rigorous. "Phar Lap" won 37 of the 51 races in which he ran, and his total stake winnings were £66,000. His owner refused £60,000 for him; and he was not insured.—[Our reproductions are made by courtesy of Pathé Super-Sound Gazette.—Pathé Pictures, Ltd.]



THE ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL MATCH BETWEEN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND AT WEMBLEY: WARING SCORING THE FIRST OF ENGLAND'S THREE GOALS.

England won by three goals to nil, and the victory was well deserved. Prince Henry, the Duke of Gloucester, shook hands with the players before the start. The crowd, which was very largely Scottish, brightened the occasion by means of highly coloured tam-o'-shanters and scarves and by favours worn by the supporters of England. England thus completed her series of wins in the international matches of the season, having also beaten Ireland and Wales.



THE ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL MATCH BETWEEN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND AT WEMBLEY: PRINCE HENRY SHAKING HANDS WITH THE ENGLAND ELEVEN.



TO BE SHOWN AT THE CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR NEXT YEAR: THE "ROYAL SCOT," WHICH IS TO GO TO AMERICA.

The most famous express of the L.M.S. Railway, the "Royal Scot," which runs between Euston and Glasgow, is to be shipped to the United States in time for the World's Fair at Chicago. The express is to go complete with sleeping and dining cars, and manned by a full crew. According to Sir Josiah Stamp, Chairman of the L.M.S. Railway, it will be shipped to Mobile, Alabama, and thence travel by rail to Chicago.



FINLAND GOES "WET" AFTER THIRTEEN YEARS' PROHIBITION: QUEUES OUTSIDE A LIQUOR SHOP PREPARING TO CELEBRATE THEIR NEW FREEDOM.

On April 5 Prohibition in Finland came to an end, as the result of a recent referendum, and the change was acclaimed with general relief as bringing to an end thirteen years of ignominious illegal drinking. In spite of the authorities' warnings against excessive celebration, the people seemed determined to enjoy their new liberty. It was reported that beer and schnapps were in greatest demand, with whisky and brandy next.



THE NEWFOUNDLAND PARLIAMENT BUILDING, WHICH WAS BESIEGED AND PARTIALLY WRECKED BY A MOB OF RIOTERS: THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY AT ST. JOHN'S.

On April 5 an extraordinary demonstration of popular sentiment at St. John's resulted in the partial wrecking and looting of the House of Assembly by a crowd several thousand strong. The rioting followed the refusal of the Government party to investigate certain charges made against Sir Richard Squires, the Prime Minister. (We publish his photograph on another page.) Since then, in spite of the Government's failure to resign, quiet was restored. A war-ship was sent to Newfoundland.



THE REMOVAL OF PROFESSOR PICCARD'S BALLOON GONDOLA FROM OBERGURGL: WORKMEN ON SKIS HAULING THE METAL SPHERE DOWN THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE.

Ever since Professor Piccard's balloon landed in the Tyrolean Alps after his ascent into the stratosphere last May, the gondola has remained on the mountain-side near Obergurgl, and has proved itself a heaven-sent blessing to the inhabitants by its attraction of visitors to their resort. Professor Piccard's recent decision to send the gondola to the Museum of Brussels University caused great consternation. Since our photograph was taken the gondola mysteriously fell by night into a deep gorge.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



A VETERAN OF THE RAILWAY TO BE PRESERVED: THE FORTY-YEAR-OLD ENGINE "HARDWICKE," ALONGSIDE ONE OF MODERN TYPE.

Sir Josiah Stamp, Chairman of the L.M.S. Railway Company, has given instructions that the "Hardwicke" and the "No. 123," railway engines built in 1892 and 1886 respectively, should not be broken up, but that the best means of preserving them should be considered. The "Hardwicke," when taken out of service last January, had run a total of 1,326,470 miles. In 1895 she averaged 67.2 m.p.h. over the 141 miles between Crewe and Carlisle.



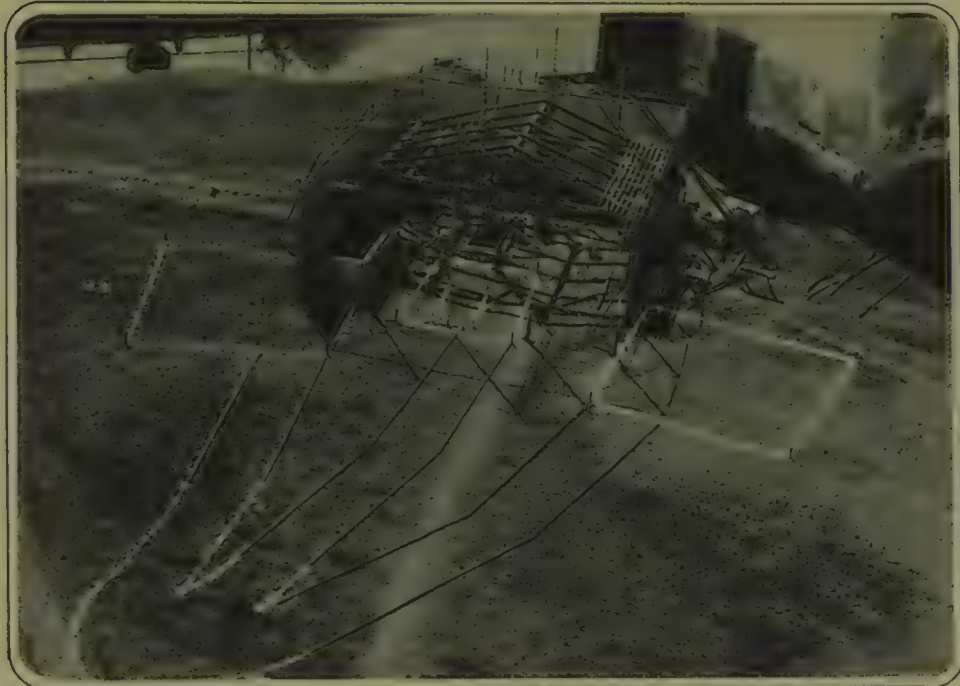
FASCIST ROME: A SECTION OF THE NEW FORUM OF MUSSOLINI, WHICH IS NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION; DECORATED WITH NUMEROUS STATUES.



OPENED BY SIGNOR MUSSOLINI: AN EXHIBITION OF WORKS OF ART THAT HAVE BEEN ACQUIRED DURING THE FASCIST RÉGIME.

Signor Mussolini recently paid a visit of inspection to the new stadium now under construction in Rome, and named in the Duce's honour. The stadium is being built of marble, and decorated, our correspondent informs us, with numerous statues in the old Roman style. The intention is that the stadium should be completed by next autumn and opened in time for the tenth annual celebration of the march on Rome—the Fascist anniversary, October 28. This is a date which Italy now celebrates with enthusiastic festivities; last year, it will be recalled, Signor Mussolini was in Naples at the time, and the summit of Vesuvius was brilliantly illuminated with the word "Dux" in electric lights.—On April 9 the Duce opened an exhibition at the National Gallery of Modern Art in Rome. It consisted of works that have been bought, presented to the State, or discovered during the Fascist régime.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE SUPPOSED DISCOVERY OF ATTLA'S TOMB BY A "DOWSER": PREPARATIONS FOR EXCAVATION; WITH THE GROUND IN FRONT MARKED OUT WITH THE THREE CHAMBERS AND PASSAGES WHICH, IT IS CLAIMED, WERE INDICATED BY THE DIVINING-ROD.

In connection with a number of extremely interesting illustrations of a conference of rhabdomancy at Verona, we referred in our last issue to the reported discovery of Attila's tomb, in Austria. Herr Binderberger, a local expert with the divining-rod, believes that he has located the tomb near Aurolzmünster. He went over a tract of land which, he declares, covers three corridors and underground chambers. Herr Binderberger has even gone so far as to lay out the exact measure-



THE AUSTRIAN POSTMASTER WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE DISCOVERED ATTLA'S TOMB—LONG A SUBJECT OF CONJECTURE AMONG ARCHÆOLOGISTS—AT AUROLZMÜNSTER: HERR BINDERBERGER WITH HIS DIVINING-ROD.

ments of the graves. The centre one, as it appears in our illustration, is supposed to contain Attila's tomb. The graves on the left and right are supposed to hold the corpses of seven warriors lying beside their horses, and to lie at a depth of seven or nine metres. Where the passages meet. Herr Binderberger states that three further corpses will be found. Excavation has already begun. Ground-water has somewhat interfered with the work.



JAPANESE TROOPS GOING OVER THE TOP IN MANŒUVRES UNDERTAKEN FOR FILM PURPOSES: A PHOTOGRAPH THAT GIVES EVIDENCE OF UP-TO-DATE EQUIPMENT.

It was reported on April 11 that the long-drawn-out peace negotiations between Japan and China, at Shanghai, had broken down. It was believed that the Chinese thought that negotiations were futile, and wished to refer the whole matter to the League of Nations. Recent developments in Europe—the Four-Power Conference and the German Presidential election—have to a certain degree diverted attention from the situation in the Far East; but our photographs serve as a



THE MARTIAL SPIRIT IN JAPAN UNDAAMPED BY THE HORRORS OF MODERN WARFARE—A REALISTIC BATTLE-SCENE STAGED FOR THE CINEMATOGRAPH.

reminder that the crisis there has by no means passed. Our photographs, which were taken at manoeuvres arranged for film purposes, indicate that the equipment of the Japanese forces is up to date in every detail, and that the troops are well trained in tactical evolutions suitable to modern warfare. Do films such as these—taken presumably for propaganda purposes—mean that the Japanese are stirred, rather than nauseated, by the appalling spectacle of modern war?



TWO BRILLIANT YOUNG BRITISH PILOTS: MISS AMY JOHNSON CONGRATULATING MR. MOLLISON AT CAPE TOWN, AFTER HIS RECORD-BREAKING FLIGHT.

One of those who were present to congratulate Mr. Mollison after his record-breaking flight to the Cape was Miss Amy Johnson, the heroine of the lone flight to Australia. Miss Johnson had arrived in Cape Town on the previous day. She said that she had come to South Africa to recuperate from her operation for appendicitis, and had no intention of making any flight from South Africa. When Mr. Mollison finally got over Cape Town, he was confused by the lights of



THE END OF MR. MOLLISON'S RECORD-BREAKING CAPE FLIGHT: HIS 'PLANE AT THE SPOT ON WHICH HE LEFT IT ON THE BEACH; SUBSEQUENTLY OVERTURNED BY THE WAVES.

the aerodrome and by the revolving beam of the airport, and gave the place a wide berth. He was also confused by lights on the beach walk, and turned away to find a quiet place to land. He managed to come down undamaged, narrowly missing a taxi drawn up on the beach road. The taxi-man drove him to the aerodrome. Meanwhile his machine, abandoned on the beach, was overtaken by the tide and apparently overturned by the waves.

FOR "INMATES"; NOT "PRISONERS": THE LATEST AMERICAN GAOL FOR WOMEN.



WHERE "INMATES" DO THEIR OWN WASHING AND IRONING: THE LAUNDRY OF THE NEW WOMEN'S PRISON IN NEW YORK, BUILT AT A COST OF NEARLY 2,000,000 DOLLARS.



IN ONE OF THE 410 BED-ROOMS, EACH OF WHICH HAS HOT AND COLD RUNNING WATER: A MATRON WEARING ONE OF THE BRIGHT-COLOURED DRESSES ISSUED TO INMATES.

New York's latest experiment in penology—a women's prison where there is to be no atmosphere of prison life, and where the detained will be referred to as "inmates" and not as "prisoners"—has been built at Sixth Avenue and Tenth Street and has now been officially opened. In every possible way, both psychological and material, the usual associations of a gaol are to be eliminated. The exterior has the appearance of a block of luxury flats, and, indeed, numbers of women have been stopping at the door to enquire about the rents! The upper floors are devoted to well-equipped hospital quarters staffed by trained nurses and women doctors. The warders, too, are all women. The inmates are to have the privilege, when writing to their friends, of showing only the street address,



ONE OF THE SEVERAL ROOF-GARDENS, WHICH INCLUDE TENNIS COURTS, A GYMNASIUM, AND SUN-PARLOURS: THE HIGHEST OF THE BUILDING'S TWELVE STOREYS IN THE SUNSHINE ABOVE NEW YORK.



"THE MOST SANITARY PRISON IN THE WORLD," WITH WALLS OF BUFF-COLOURED GLAZED TERRA-COTTA, EASILY CLEANED: A SEWING AND READING ROOM, EQUIPPED WITH ELECTRIC SEWING-MACHINES.



AN ESTABLISHMENT WHICH IS INTENDED TO HAVE NONE OF THE CHARACTERISTIC PRISON ODOUR AND NO ATMOSPHERE OF PRISON LIFE: A DINING-ROOM, OF WHICH THERE IS ONE ON EVERY FLOOR.

not the number, of the prison, so that they need not divulge the nature of their home. As our photographs show, very much is done to ensure their material comfort. It seems that there will, however, be certain restrictions in the prison life, for it is reported that each class of offender is to be strictly segregated. Husband-killers, for instance, may not risk the contamination of contact with those, less efficient, who have merely attempted that crime! It may be recalled that Miss Margery Fry, formerly hon. secretary to the Howard League for Prison Reform, spoke recently of prison life in the Western and Southern States. She condemned as "hopelessly wrong" a system under which gaols are magnificent buildings, thronged with people idling practically all day long.

THE CAMERA AS SPY UPON THE WILD: INTIMATE STUDIES OF BRITISH ANIMALS.



AN OTTER PHOTOGRAPHED AT DAYBREAK ON LOCH CRAIGNISH, ARGYLE: ROCKS WHERE OTTERS SOMETIMES LEAVE FRAGMENTS OF HUGE LOBSTERS.



CLAIMED TO BE THE ONLY PHOTOGRAPH EVER TAKEN OF AN UNDISTURBED WILD CAT IN NATURAL SURROUNDINGS: A PICTURE OBTAINED WITH A TRAP CAMERA.



A MOUNTAIN HARE IN ITS SUMMER COAT: A CAPRICIOUS AND SHY BRITISH WILD ANIMAL—A DIFFICULT SUBJECT FOR PHOTOGRAPHY.



A STOAT TAKING UP A BAIT: THE WICKED-LOOKING LITTLE ANIMAL ALIVE WITH SINUOUS EFFORT.



A HUNTING WEASEL IN A CHARACTERISTIC POSE: SITTING UP AND LISTENING ATTENTIVELY FOR A SOUND OF THE QUARRY.



THE WATER-VOLE THE WEASEL WAS HUNTING—SEEN NIBBLING A SLICE OF TURNIP.

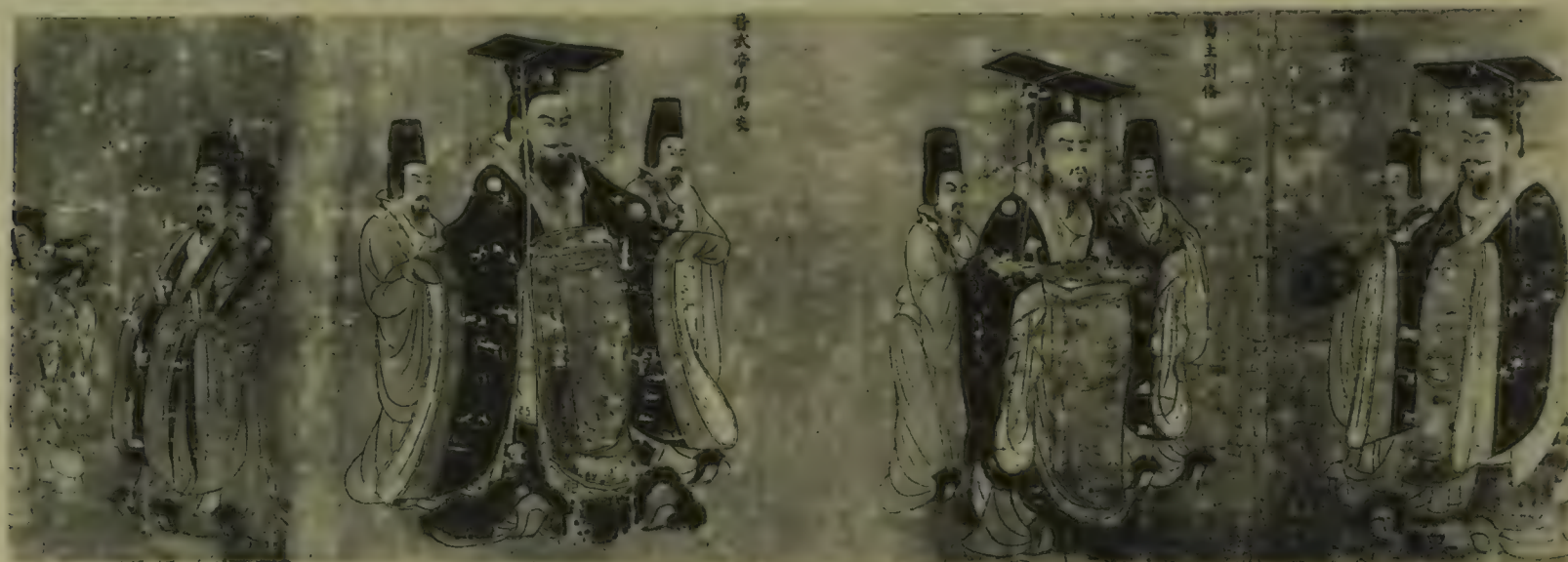
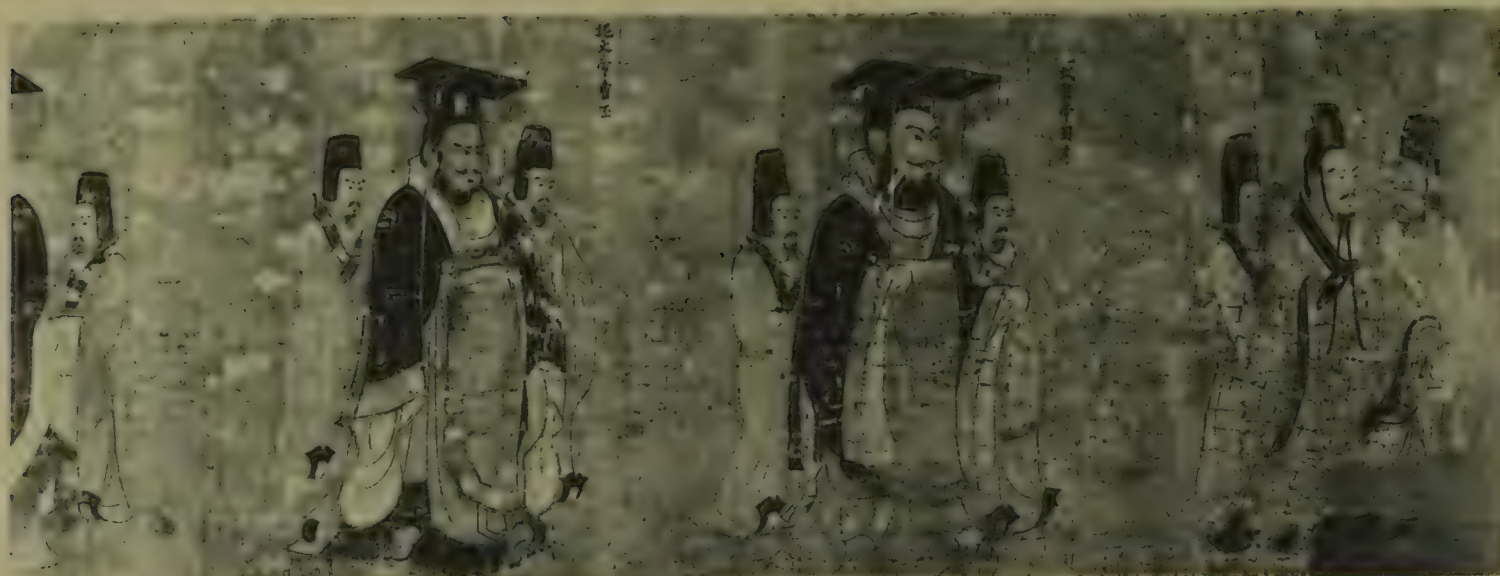


BADGERS NOSING FOR INSECTS: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MOST NOCTURNAL, AND ONE OF THE SHYEST, OF BRITISH WILD ANIMALS.

We reproduced in our issue of April 2 a remarkable series of photographs of animals in their wild state in California. Here we present a number of photographs of animals inhabiting the British Isles—not a whit less remarkable, since the majority of British wild animals are nocturnal and their movements are extremely rapid. Mr. Mortimer Batten, who made these delightful photographic studies, writes: "The stoat and the weasel demand a shutter-speed of not less than one-three-hundredth of a second, and even at that speed I have known a stoat to streak half the length of the plate! When astir in day-time they prefer

to stick to the dense shadows, and the only method is to coax them out into the light. My own way of dealing with such subjects is to find out where they are nesting. I then lay a scent trail on the up-wind side to some brightly lighted spot, such as the upturned root of a tree, preferably where I can get my subject in relief. There the bait is placed, and in due course it is lifted. A second and a third are left; until I find that the little animal is taking the bait almost immediately my back is turned. An electric wire is then passed through the bait, so that when it is touched the camera clicks."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. MORTIMER BATTEN



**A MAGNIFICENT CHINESE PAINTING ON SILK ; DESCRIBED AS ONE OF THE CHIEF MASTERPIECES OF THE WORLD :
THE SCROLL OF THE THIRTEEN EMPERORS ; ATTRIBUTED TO YEN LI-PÊN (DIED 673 A.D.).**

The thirteen Emperors are seen in procession. They should be "read" from right to left, beginning at the top.

Mr. Kojiro Tomita, Curator of Asiatic Art at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, which has received this painting as a gift from Dr. Denman W. Ross, writes of it in the Museum Bulletin in the following terms: "The painting, which is executed on silk, measures 20 $\frac{1}{8}$ inches in height and 17 feet 6 inches in length.

It treats full-length figures of thirteen of the numerous emperors or rulers from the Han down to the Sui dynasty, each accompanied by one or more attendants. Although these thirteen groups form one long scroll, each in itself presents a complete composition. . . . These representations of the Emperors are remarkable,
[Continued opposite.]

THE SCROLL OF THE PORTRAITS OF THE EMPERORS: A T'ANG MASTERPIECE.

REPRODUCTIONS BY COURTESY OF THE BULLETIN OF THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON.



DETAIL FROM THE SCROLL: THE ELEVENTH EMPEROR, WU TI (561—578 A.D.), OF THE LATER (NORTHERN) CHOU DYNASTY, ATTENDED BY MINISTERS AND IN FULL REGALIA—INCLUDING A RED APRON AND A RECTANGULAR FRINGED CROWN.

Continued.]

for they portray the dignity becoming their exalted stations. Even though some of them were not always wise in their handling of affairs of state or in their personal conduct, nevertheless they were monarchs before whom the people must prostrate themselves. Hence they should be and were delineated with utmost respect and with emphasis on their stately bearing. In the other figures one may note an equally able presentation of characteristics befitting their occupations—the reverential attitudes of the attendants as a whole and, in particular, the

inscrutable countenances of the officials, the gentle faces of the ladies, and the comparative coarseness of exterior of the grooms. . . . The drawing employed in the painting is characteristic of the early T'ang period. . . . The principal colours used are black, white, red, green, yellow, brown, and violet. . . . Not only because of its great age (practically unequalled except in the case of some Buddhist paintings), but because of its extraordinary quality as portraiture, the scroll of the Emperors is one of the chief masterpieces of the world."

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

A MOUNT STREET EXHIBITION: CHINESE POTTERY, PORCELAIN, JADE, ET AL., AT JOHN SPARKS'S.

By FRANK DAVIS.



IT was necessary for me to see this show before it was a show—in other words, not until after this notice has gone to the composing-room will the individual items of the exhibition be taken from the shelves of the basement where I examined them, and staged with that mixture of admirable showmanship and good taste collectors have long been in the



A STRIKING CHINESE FIGURE OF A BUDDHIST DEITY IN DRY LACQUER AND COVERED WITH THE REMAINS OF GOLD PAINT: A GRACEFUL PIECE OF THE SUNG PERIOD, WHICH IS TO BE SEEN AT THE EXHIBITION OF EARLY CHINESE POTTERY AND SCULPTURE, NOW BEING HELD BY MESSRS. JOHN SPARKS. (ABOUT 21 INCHES HIGH.)

All Photographs reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. John Sparks, 128, Mount Street, W.1., in whose Exhibition the pieces are on show.

habit of finding at Mr. John Sparks's galleries. I rather think the experience is a salutary one for the conscientious critic; for it stands to reason that the sight of half a hundred and more objects jumbled up together in a store-room makes him use whatever faculties he may possess, uninfluenced by the suave setting of curtained backgrounds and superb lighting. He sees the things in the raw, as it were, and is far more likely to err in the direction of faint praise than of enthusiasm. And if, under such conditions, they seem uncommonly fine and interesting, how much better

and covered with the remains of gold paint. It is very rare to find a figure of such manageable size in this curious technique the method, I understand, is to model the figure in mud, cover it with lacquer, and then scrape away the dried mud from the interior, the figure then remaining as a hollow lacquer shell. But in this case the mere technical achievement is nothing as compared with the artistic, for the goddess appears in a most graceful attitude, head slightly aside, and one arm half raised, and the features have all the quiet dignity and half-human, half-divine compassion which is the mark of the best sort of Chinese religious sculpture. Period—Sung, and, if I am not greatly mistaken, worthy of being set side by side with a contemporary thirteenth or fourteenth century French Madonna. One is tempted to see in the somewhat full face at certain angles a trace of a type which is reminiscent of Northern India: but this may be fancy, or a trick of the particular light in which the figure happened to be placed.

There are many very early representations of



AN EARLY CHINESE STUDY OF A HORSE IN MOTION: A T'ANG POTTERY MODEL OF A HORSE WITH A WOMAN RIDER. (HEIGHT WITH STAND, 15 INCHES.)

from evil spirits, and no nation ever guarded against trouble with greater artistry—or with more humour.

One finds all sorts of tiles: mounted figures, dolphins, rarely birds. All are of rather roughly glazed pottery and all are immensely alive. A whole series of Ming blue and white is a very choice little collection by itself, and one is reminded that not so many years ago the very existence of blue and white under the Ming dynasty was doubted by most of the best people. Another splendid Ming piece is a large jar, mostly painted in red, green, and yellow, and illustrating a battle scene of mounted warriors.

The reign of Ch'ien Lung is represented by three examples, one a famille-rose group of birds on rocks and tree-trunk; one an exquisite oblong paint-box and cover, with a moulded design of dragons beneath a celadon glaze of extraordinary delicacy; and the third a remarkable frame for a clock in the rococo taste of Louis XV.—a triumph of technique, with its golden flowers in relief on a reddish-brown ground. For my part, I turn from this brilliant essay in the idiom of Europe to purely native styles with enthusiasm.



AN EARLY CHINESE STUDY OF A HORSE AT REST: A T'ANG STATUETTE WHICH DEMONSTRATES THE ARTIST'S KNOWLEDGE OF EQUINE ANATOMY.

animals. Among them is a T'ang pottery figure of a woman on a horse, a study in violent action of the highest quality; and a standing horse with lowered head. The contrast between the movement of the one and the repose of the other will be evident from the illustrations, and no less obvious to the most careless glance will be the artist's knowledge and understanding of the essentials of equine anatomy. There are two other horses of the same period and of a more familiar type, marvellously caparisoned; but for all their brave show and proud arched necks they seem to me to lack that feeling of intimacy which makes the animal with the lowered head so entrancing. There is between the two types the difference between a general's charger on parade and a well-loved hunter in a green paddock. Another T'ang pottery piece is of a mounted horseman with one arm flung high in the air, while he whistles through the fingers of the other—a most vivid little study of gesture frozen at the very pitch of action.

Among the exhibits that are neither pottery nor porcelain is a Han period bronze of a deer, covered with green patination, and showing marked stylistic relationship with that large class of ancient excavated objects, mostly of bronze or gold, which are labelled, rather vaguely, Scythian,



THREE AMUSING MING DYNASTY EXHIBITS FROM MESSRS. JOHN SPARKS'S SHOW: CHINESE ROOF-TILES—TWO OF MONKEYS AND ONE OF A RABBIT—DESIGNED TO GUARD A HOUSE FROM EVIL SPIRITS.

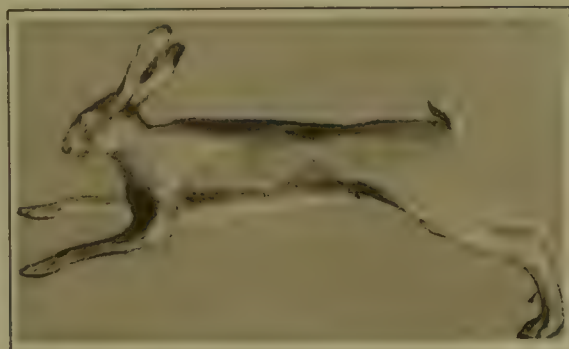
they will be when arranged in a room made ready for their reception!

The most striking and by no means the least beautiful exhibit is a seated figure of a Buddhist deity, about 21 inches in height, made of dry lacquer



A POLYCHROME MING JAR, WITH A VERY SPIRITED REPRESENTATION OF A BATTLE OF MOUNTED WARRIORS: A PIECE THAT IS MOSTLY IN RED, GREEN, AND YELLOW.

THE "MODERNITY" OF A 15TH-CENTURY ANIMAL-ARTIST—PISANELLO.



PISANELLO has been called Italy's greatest medallist, and at one time he was hailed as the inventor of that form of art; but his growing popularity in England is probably due for the most part to his delightful studies of animals, which are astonishingly "modern" in method. Those of his drawings which were shown in the Italian Exhibition at Burlington House in 1930—particularly those of the boar and of the cow getting up from the ground—very naturally caught the eye of the visitor who did not happen to be a connoisseur of Italian Art: for their meticulous—one might say Japanese—exactitude of detail proved Pisanello to have been a true lover of Nature, in the sense in which we understand the phrase in England. Not less remarkable are the drawings we reproduce on this page, exhibited in the loan exhibition of Pisanello's work at the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. Pisanello died somewhere about 1455; his studies of animal anatomy are, therefore, exceptionally remarkable, for, apart from

[Continued on left.]



Continued.] their intrinsic merits, it must be remembered that they were done at a time when comparative zoology was in its infancy, and when busy and curious artists were much more ready to be captivated by the fantastic wonders of the bestiaries, by basilisks, unicorns, sirens, and by phoenixes, than by the commonplace dwellers in the woods and fields and waters about them—or even by the strange creatures from overseas which must have made their appearance on occasion at the courts of great persons. Pisanello's pen-and-ink studies are marked by a most delicate technique and by an extremely careful observation which in no way detracts from the general effect of life. The Vallardi collection, which is said to include the balance of his extant drawings, is in the Cabinet du Louvre; and the wolf or dog, the two rabbits, the cats' heads, and the three kid-like animals reproduced here were lent to the Pisanello exhibition from that collection. Some facts concerning Pisanello will not be out of place. He was born near Verona

[Continued opposite.]



Continued.] about 1380, and it is thought that he may have studied under Altichiero, an early Veronese artist. He worked at Ferrara for a number of years and practically founded the so-called Ferrarese school. About 1420 he was in Venice, where he collaborated with Gentile da Fabriano in decorating the Council Hall in the Ducal Palace. From 1441 to 1444 he was at Milan. Indeed, he was much favoured by the Italian princes and potentates of the time; at Ferrara, at Mantua, Pavia, Rome, Naples, Venice, and Verona there is evidence that he was patronised by the most exalted people, designing their costumes, the patterns of the materials they used, and even the harness for their horses; besides painting their portraits and Madonna pictures. Among his best-known and most attractive pictures is his "Vision of St. Eustace," in the National Gallery, which gives the impression that the artist planned it in such a fashion that he could illustrate in this one work the majority of his favourite animal sitters.

BY ITALY'S GREATEST MEDALLIST—AND THE PAINTER OF A "VISION OF ST. EUSTACE" IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY: STUDIES MADE WHEN COMPARATIVE ZOOLOGY WAS IN ITS INFANCY.

TRIUMPHS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY: FEATURES OF "THE IDEAL HOME."



THE TUDOR VILLAGE: CHARMING COTTAGES GROUPED ROUND THE VILLAGE GREEN, EACH ARTISTICALLY FURNISHED AND FITTED WITH MODERN REQUIREMENTS.

In the National Hall at Olympia, the picturesque Tudor village offers a delightful contrast to the general modernistic décor of the exhibition. A pond with a ducking-stool and stocks appears on the village green, a reminder that even the "good old days" had their darker moments in quiet country life. Nearby is an old English street, with timbered shops sheltering businesses founded a century or more ago. The exhibition continues until April 30.



AN ELIZABETHAN PANELLED ROOM IN OAK; A SIDEBOARD CARVED WITH THE TUDOR ROSE AND PORTCULLIS: MODERN CRAFTSMANSHIP ACHIEVES A PERFECT REPRODUCTION.

Two rooms which show the finest period of old English carving and decoration are to be seen at Stand 22 of the Grand Hall. One is an exact reproduction of a room of Haddon Hall on a smaller scale, complete with a magnificent carved oak fireplace and panelling. The other, seen above, is of earlier style. The workmanship throughout is British, every piece being made and carved by hand in the work-shops of the Tudor Manufacturing Company at Wooburn Green, who specialise in this style.



A MODERN IMPROVEMENT FOR HOME, HEALTH, AND HYGIENE: BRITISH WATER-SOFTENERS OF VARYING TYPES.

Every house- or flat-owner will be interested in the equipment specially adapted for all domestic services, exhibited on Stand 67 by the United Water Softeners, Ltd., of Aldwych House. They are the makers of the "Permutit" automatic softener, with which, by the setting of a clock or the operation of a single switch, an unlimited supply of soft water is obtained. Working demonstrations are given.



A GARDEN ROOM WHICH REVOLVES WITH THE SUN: WARMTH AND SHELTER FROM SUNSHINE AND RAIN.

A perfect asset in any garden is the little room shown above, which revolves at the slightest touch so that one may always bask in the rays of the sun. It may be seen on Stand 166 of the National Hall, the headquarters of Boulton and Paul.



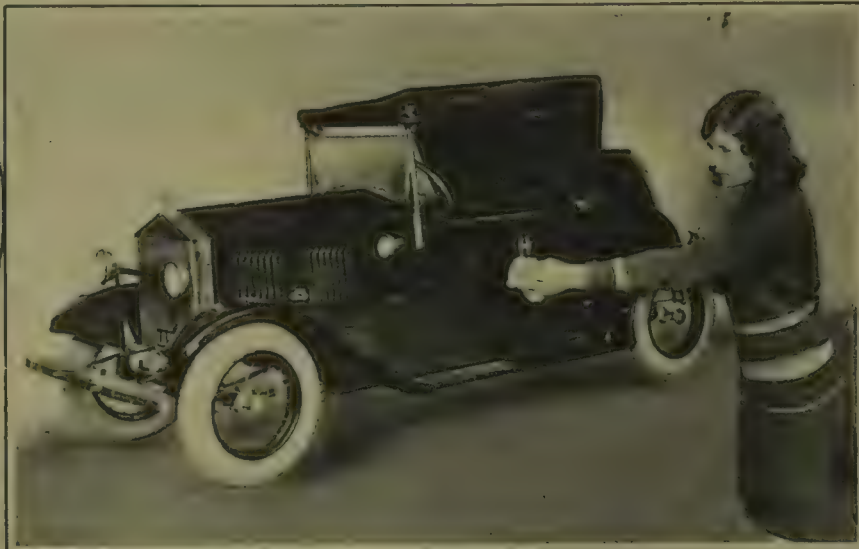
A STOVE THAT BURNS NIGHT AND DAY AT AN ECONOMICAL FIGURE: AN "ESSE" ANTHRACITE MODEL SHOWN ALIGHT.

Medical science has advocated the keeping of a room at one temperature as much as possible for the benefit of general health. On Stand 102 of the Grand Hall (Ground Floor) are shown many types of the "Esse" stoves of Smith and Wellstood. The one shown above is set in a modern fireplace. It uses anthracite in a minimum quantity and burns night and day without needing attention. There are cookers also.



AMONGST "THE GARDENS OF THE NOVELISTS": PERDITA'S GARDEN FROM "MAPP AND LUCIA," BY E. F. BENSON.

"It was gay in Spring with those flowers on which Perdita doted. There were 'violets dim,' primroses and daffodils which came in April." This exquisite description of an English garden in the spring has been brought to life by James Carter and Co., of Raynes Park. In the background, beyond this picture, is a real waterfall whose music adds the final delight. It is hard to believe that this enchanting informality has been achieved by careful forethought.



A ROLLS-ROYCE FOR PRINCESS ELIZABETH: THE MINIATURE CAR ACCEPTED BY THE DUCHESS OF YORK ON BEHALF OF HER SMALL DAUGHTER.

In the garden of "Y Bwthyn Bach to Gwellyt," the name of the cottage presented by the people of Wales to Princess Elizabeth, stands another offering, a Rolls-Royce car, whose comparative size is shown in the above photograph. Princess Elizabeth can "speed" in her garden with no danger of infringing the law, for it is worked on the pedal system, despite its powerful-looking exterior. The wonderful little cottage is on view on the first floor of the Empire Hall.



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GERMANY ONCE MORE!

(Continued from page 578.)

pessimistic among us do not hesitate to say that the world has gone mad. In any case, we can say that, if ever there existed an epoch in which the patent absurdity of an idea was not a reason for excluding its triumph, that epoch is our own. We saw only too many examples of this after 1914! But, if it would be dangerous to be under any illusion as to this point, it is also true that the people want to veer round; that the great force which urges them even in their most dangerous delirium is the desire for prosperity and happiness, an instinct of conservation which too often, alas! deceives itself as to the means, but is an indestructible force.

There has never been a people who wished to commit suicide; there have only been peoples who have committed suicide because passion has deceived them, because they have been made to believe that salvation lay at the end of a road where, in fact, ruin and death awaited them. Part of Germany is at present in a state of exaltation which blinds it; but she has no intention of burying herself under the ruin of a universal catastrophe. She follows the noisy chiefs of National Socialism because she thinks that they will lead her to happiness, prosperity, and a better life.

That is why, if war or revolution could save Germany, all hesitation or hope would be prohibited. There would be nothing to do but manufacture arms for the war, or receive the counterstrokes of the revolution. But neither war nor revolution can save Germany; they can only finish its ruin, by adding to it, as a supreme vengeance, the ruin of the whole of Europe: this is the situation in which the world finds itself. The conclusion is simple and clear; it is a question of finding out if the great Western States, in agreement with the reasonable and sane party of Germany, will know how, at one and the same time, to save Germany, Europe, and the world; or whether they will allow general ruin to be wrought.

Why is Germany struggling in the midst of such grave difficulties? What is the real disease which condemns her to insomnia and prevents the world from sleeping? By profiting from certain errors which the Allies committed, clever propagandists made a certain number of the people of Germany believe that all their troubles resulted from the Treaty of Peace and, especially, Reparations. Europe would find herself faced with a very easy task if that diagnosis of the evil were true. She would only need to modify certain Articles of the Treaty. In reality, Germany suffers from an evil which existed before the war and was intensified not by the Peace Treaties,

but by the war: the insufficiency of her resources and her capital for her population and her needs. Before the Great War, Germany was a country which was overpopulated and too costly for the capital and resources which were at her disposal: she threw all her capital into a romantic war which was at once enormous and aimless and increasingly ate away her territories and her resources; whilst her population continued to increase. Between 1919 and 1924 she lived by eating up what remained to her of her pre-war capital and by inflation; and after 1924 she existed by borrowing milliards from all the continents: she finds herself at present in the condition of an overpopulated country and almost without capital, for everything is mortgaged, directly or indirectly; and in the condition of a country which no longer possesses anything but a marvellous capacity for work and certain possible good debts. Here, in Geneva, I heard a German, who occupies a very high political and intellectual situation, say to a banker: "There are no longer in Germany a hundred thousand families with possessions: all the others, myself included, are nothing but proletarians, living from day to day on our work, manual or intellectual." And another German, one to whom I spoke of the conservative forces of the modern world, replied to me, shrugging his shoulders: "What have we to preserve in Germany? Nothing but our debts!"

It is a tragic situation such as has never before been seen in history. But it has a providential side, because it presents one only way of salvation: work, time, and, as sequel, credit and peace. War and revolution might be the atrocious revenge of Germany against the world; but they would cost her very dear, for they would condemn a part of her population to die of hunger. The times in which wars were profitable and revolutions could pay their own costs by invading neighbouring countries are ended. The French Revolution still enjoyed that good fortune at the end of the eighteenth century, because wars required few soldiers, few arms, and a modest expenditure, whereas there might be precious plunder. If Germany again took up arms, and even if she won the war, she might ruin those people around her who still enjoy a certain ease, but her poverty would only be increased. A revolution, even a very radical one, even a most audacious one, could not perform the miracle which a part of Germany is awaiting.

Many Germans say that something new must be devised, because the present situation is too bad. If it sufficed merely to invent a new political system, the history of the world would be much simpler and men's lives easier. Capital is nothing but riches accumulated in the past which serve to enable us to live in the present and to prepare the future; a people who have insufficient capital

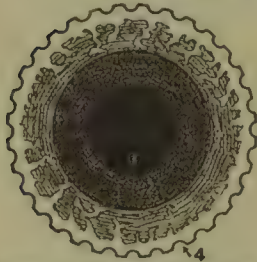
for their wants have only two remedies—to create, or to compel a richer people to lend. The reform of social institutions cannot conjure wealth out of nothing, any more than a war can.

Besides, the Russian Revolution gives us a decisive proof of this. It is merely a despairing effort to struggle against lack of capital by means of decrees, laws, political and social reforms. The decrees, laws, and reforms succeed each other, but still the capital does not increase. Private accumulation is almost impossible, public accumulation hardly exists; credit is very limited. It will be the cause of the inevitable checkmate of the Five-Year Plan. Political upsets which, even without going the length of war, would increase the distrust of Europe and America against Germany would place her in the situation in which Russia finds herself, by taking away from her all possibility of finding credit for many years.

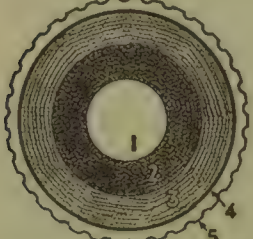
A secession which would involve her in a struggle with the West might, in effect, be a form of reprisals for Germany against Europe, but would be suicidal for her. Of this position we must not lose sight, for it is upon Germany we must count to save Germany and Europe from the disaster which menaces both. It is evident that the crisis in Germany is too complicated for it to end within six months or a year. Its origins reach very far back; and the only efficacious remedy is time. But it is for that reason, above all others, that we must endeavour to gain time. Every month that goes by without a catastrophe is a contribution towards salvation.

Nationalism, pan-Germanism, Socialism, Communism: we shall hear these things much discussed in the coming months and years with regard to Germany. Europe still imagines herself to be in the delightful days before 1914, when the future of the world seemed to depend on the struggles between the doctrines. To-day, Germany, like Russia, like two-thirds of Europe, finds herself faced with a problem of material existence. It is no longer a question of choosing, for instance, between nationalism and socialism; it is a question of living. There is a problem to which all this will be more and more subordinated: that of overpopulation. Europe succeeded between 1880 and 1914 in creating a system of activities and interests which allowed her to feed an enormous population. During and after the World War she destroyed that system; and she has no longer the means of feeding part of her population. This is the pass to which we have come. *Hic modus, hic salta.* All the political movements which will be invented will be a mystification or a delirium, according to the degree in which they serve to solve the problem.

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THE UNCROWNED QUEEN OF EUROPE.

(Continued from Page 580.)

seems to have found retirement and tranquillity not altogether uncongenial. It is typical that she charmed and fascinated the very nuns!—doubtless because she laid herself out to do so. But for so refulgent a planet eclipse could not be more than temporary; and it was not long before the influence which she still possessed had regained for her wealth, brilliance, and no small measure of popularity. Louis XVI. allowed her to live at Louveciennes in the manner to which she had been accustomed—and a very sumptuous manner it was. In her greed for riches and magnificence the harlot side of her nature is most evident; and it was this which eventually brought her to the guillotine. She was safe in England with the *émigrés*—safe and opulent and socially as successful as ever, not only among her own compatriots, but in the "smart" English houses; and nothing but mercenary anxiety for her possessions at Louveciennes induced her to return, most unwisely and yet courageously, in 1793, to an atmosphere where only one end could possibly await her.

Born to lavish her sweets so long as any remained to her—and she was still a beautiful woman at fifty—she did not spend these last years without the delights and the stings of passion. Her neighbour at Louveciennes, the Englishman Henry Seymour, won all her ardours for a time. For the Duc de Brissac she seems to have felt a deep and unfeigned attachment; his dreadful end at the hands of the mob shocked her profoundly, but it was not long before she was saying, with her consistent courtesan's philosophy: "One does not die of grief." And so Brissac was followed, with some celerity, by a Comte Rohan-Chabot in what Mr. Schumacher describes, probably quite accurately, as "a union of two people in a great mutual happiness." Du Barry was one of those who not only loved much, and not only loved many, but loved many much!

It was an Englishman, Grieve, a revolutionary agitator, who denounced her as an "enemy of the people." We do not know Mr. Schumacher's authority for his description of the gnarled erotic "complexes" of this deplorable wretch, but, whether authentic or not, they are true enough to type. The trial was a farce and the sentence a foregone conclusion. From the last agonies of this butterfly on the wheel we avert our eyes in pity and in pain. She was made for life—but not for death. "At half-past four they reached the Place de la Révolution, where the execution was to take place. For a moment the Comtesse steadied herself. She mounted the steps of the scaffold calmly, between two of the executioner's men. But up there, when she saw serried masses of humanity, the noble colonnades of the palaces bordering the square, saw behind the bare trees the façade of the Louvre, the stones, the red sky where the sun was just going down, she realised afresh what she was losing, and made a last desperate effort. 'Just a moment, *monsieur le bourreau*,' she implored

the headsman, 'only one moment more,' and even as the blade fell her voice could be heard in a terrible cry: 'Help! Help!'

What heart so stony, what conscience so inexorable, that will not say: "And may the Lord have mercy on her soul!"

C. K. A.

AGES-OLD "MODERN DISCOVERIES."

(Continued from Page 570.)

And this after an interval of nearly 3000 years. Yet many of us think that the clothing worn to-day in a modern operating theatre is the outcome of the very latest knowledge of medical science and hygiene.

The discovery of vaccination for smallpox is rightly attributed to Jenner, yet long before his birth we read of the cowherds of India practising a kind of inoculation amongst themselves. Collecting the dry scabs of the pustules, they placed a little of this material upon their forearm; then, puncturing the skin with a needle, they secured a certain immunity. According to one authority, actual vaccination itself was known to the ancient Hindus.

In a Pali ethical romance called "Milinda Panho," there is mention of the cauterisation of bad wounds by the use and action of caustic alkali, and the date of this process can be traced to 140 B.C. Susruta, whose work on surgery is the leading one, and belongs to remote antiquity, describes at some length the method to be adopted in the preparation of alkalis, and how to render them caustic by the addition of lime. This chapter of his book can well be cited as a proof of the high degree of perfection in scientific pharmacy acquired by the ancient Hindus.

The credit of being the first to introduce chemical knowledge into the service of medicine, and to administer internally mercurial preparations, is given to Paracelsus (1493-1540). But the Nāgarajūnas and the Patanjālls of India anticipated Paracelsus and his followers by about 500 years, the earliest historical record of the internal use of black sulphide of mercury dating as far back as the tenth century A.D. The processes of solution, calcination, and distillation were all known in India many centuries ago, and the method used by the ancient Hindus to extract zinc from its ore calamine (Sanskrit-Rasaka) is so circumstantially and scientifically described that it could be quoted almost verbatim in any treatise on modern chemistry. The knowledge they displayed in the use of plants and herbs is a marvel to the modern scientific investigator, and that it was freely borrowed from the Hindu writings by both Greeks and Romans cannot be denied. Many drugs which originated in India have found their way into our own British Pharmacopœia.

In the days of Buddha, about 500 B.C., pharmaceutical gardens were established for the supply of herbs and drugs used in medicine, and there are treatises on the treatment of plants and trees. What we to-day know as botanical geography, was understood in the India of long ago, for we find notices

respecting the sites and climates of different plants, and the soils and seasons for growing and collecting medicinal plants. It was said that certain medicinal herbs should be gathered during a thunder-storm, or when there was thunder in the air, as it was considered that only when such conditions were prevailing these herbs possessed the necessary active properties. Many would smile at this curious belief, but whether there is something here that has not yet been discovered by Western science remains to be seen.

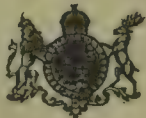
Yet it has fallen to the lot of a distinguished Hindu scientist, Sir J. Chunder Bose, happily still with us, to modify previous conceptions of the fundamentals of biology. His researches on the effect upon the heart of new Indian drugs have added a new chapter to the science of cardiology; whilst his experiments upon the physiology of movement and irritability in plants have profoundly influenced scientific views on both animal and vegetable physiology and all vital phenomena. Yet here again the ancient Hindus seemed to possess some knowledge of the sensibility of trees and plants, for we find that they considered it gave pain to a flower to pluck it, and that gathered flowers were considered by them to be dead.

In ancient India laws were passed regulating burial and sanitation, many modern regulations in the latter direction being antedated by centuries in the codes of the Buddhist kings. In the earliest codes we find a remarkable knowledge displayed of what we should now call pre-natal treatment; the expectant mother, it was taught, was to be kept in a happy frame of mind, her surroundings were to be placid and pleasant, and, in fact, the instructions which the mothercraft clinics of London are giving to-day, and have been giving for possibly the last ten years or so, were being taught as a matter of course in ancient India centuries back.

Again, the use of the tooth-brush, which is now taught in the English council schools, and is quite a late example of twentieth-century hygiene, was understood and advocated by the Hindus in their early code of medicine. Twigs of certain trees were used, with one end frayed out like a brush, particular trees being specified for particular types of individuals, the babul or *acacia arabica* being sufficient for general use; there were also regulations for the preparation of tooth-powder.

We hear and read much to-day about breathing exercises, and the regeneration to be acquired through correct breathing; but the Yogis of India understood and practised long ago a system which they considered imbued them with health and long life. In fact, the extraordinary state to which they could bring themselves by this system of breathing and holding the breath for definite periods of time, together with an intense mental concentration, possibly brings into active play some latent power in the human being which has not yet been examined by Western science. Space forbids to speak further about astronomy, mathematics, the atomic theory, etc.; suffice it to say that many truths lie hidden in the vast scientific literature of the Brahmanas, and it deserves close attention and study by all interested in the progress of medical science and of humanity.

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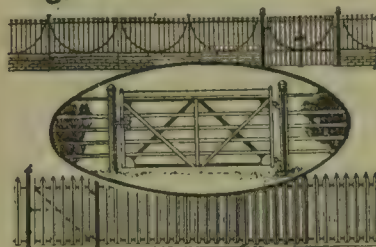
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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

TORQUAY'S MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

THE Corporation of Torquay possesses a fine concert pavilion and a municipal orchestra, and has just been holding its third annual musical festival under its musical director, Mr. Ernest W. Goss. This year the Festival began on Wednesday, April 6, and lasted until Saturday, April 9, and a number of eminent English artists were engaged, including Sir Hamilton Harty, Sir Edward Elgar, Sir Frederic Cowen, and Dame Ethel Smyth. Sir Frederic Cowen was the guest-conductor at the first concert, when his own tone-poem, "A Phantasy of Love and Life," his 1st Suite de Ballet, "The Language of Flowers," were given under his own direction. It is not given to many musicians to conduct their own compositions at the age of eighty, compositions written more than thirty years ago, and it was quite an echo of Victorian England to hear these works again. It cannot be said that there is any real originality or sufficient strength in Sir Frederick's music to give it a permanent place in our musical history. The best of his music is in the lighter vein of his "Language of Flowers" suites, which have a certain skill and invention that lifted them out of the common level of such incidental music when they were written, and still redeems them to-day; but there is hardly the substance of a real revival in them.

ARMSTRONG GIBBS AND ERIC COATES.

One of the objects of these musical festivals outside London is to give the local public the opportunity of hearing individual artists, English and foreign, whose names are known to them, and of introducing new English compositions. The two English composers represented at the second concert of the Torquay Festival were Mr. Armstrong Gibbs, whose Phantasy, "The Enchanted Wood," was played with commendable delicacy and precision by the orchestra under Mr. Goss, with Mr. Bernard Reillie (violin) and Mr. Guthrie (pianoforte) as soloists, and Mr. Eric Coates. Mr. Armstrong Gibbs is a more fastidious and exacting composer than Mr. Eric Coates, whose new work, a ballet entitled, "The Jester at the Wedding," did not seem to me to have any of the qualities that should go to procure the honour of a first production at an important South Coast musical festival. After all, the principle determining the selection of new English works at these festivals

should be fairly clear. Either they should be works from composers of sufficient eminence to justify their first performance, or they should be the work of little-known men, who need a hearing. It cannot be said that Mr. Eric Coates comes into either of these

categories. His music is well known and it holds no surprises, and therefore I hope that next year Mr. Goss will try to find some new English music for the London critics who come down to his excellent festival, as well as for the Torquay and Devon public that attends these concerts.

MME. SUGGIA AT TORQUAY.

One of the chief artistic events of the Festival has been the magnificent performance by Mme. Suggia of Haydn's Concerto for 'Cello and Orchestra in D major. It is indeed an experience to hear such playing, and the general atmosphere of concentrated suspense showed that the public realised the exceptional character of the performance. Its effect on the orchestra was also notable, for both Mr. Goss and his orchestra responded in the most creditable manner to the artistic standard set by Mme. Suggia. It was also one of the best tributes Haydn has had in England during his bicentenary celebrations to hear this beautiful and most expressive work so nobly and inspiringly played.

THE KOLISCH QUARTET.

In London since Easter there has been little music as yet. Mention must be made, however, of the excellent series of Haydn quartet concerts given by the Kolisch Quartet from Vienna, under the auspices of the Music Society. These excellent players gave splendid performances from memory of the Quartet in C major Op. 76 No. 3, the Quartet in B flat major Op. 76 No. 4, and the D major Quartet Op. 64 No. 5. These three fine quartets made a deep impression upon their audience, and I venture to think that these centenary celebrations do a real service to music in bringing out in the light of day many neglected masterpieces.

W. J. TURNER.



THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A FIFTEENTH - CENTURY NUREMBERG BEAKER.

This beaker, of silver parcel-gilt with cast and chased details, is typical of the best German silversmith's work of the end of the fifteenth century. Though the escutcheon with the arms of the city of Nuremberg, held by the esquire on the cover, is modern, the same arms appear inside on an enamelled medallion which is undoubtedly original. It is not, therefore, improbable that the cup may once have formed part of the city's treasure. This supposition would explain the absence of any town or maker's mark, the use of which was rigorously enforced for all pieces intended to be sold in the open market. Nothing is known of the history of the piece except that it was acquired for the Museum from the collection of the sixteenth Baron Zouche.

Its height is 11½ inches.

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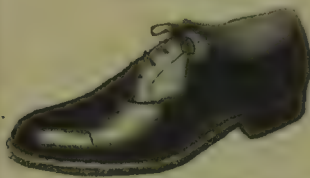
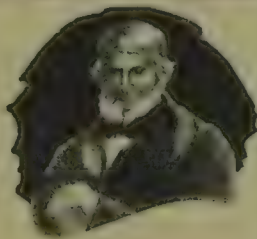
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AN ECCLES CARAVAN SEEN DETACHED FROM THE MEANS OF TRACTION: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING HOW THE TRAILER-CARAVAN CAN BE EASILY MANOEUVRED INTO ATTRACTIVE RESTING-PLACES.

WEATHER prophets are hard to believe at any time; yet, being of an optimistic temperament, I hope the news that we are to have a long and warm summer in England comes true. The firmest supporters of this hope will be my friends the campers and caravan owners, as last year's summer consisted of some fine spells of a week, with a wide interval of bad weather between them. Once upon a time I was all in favour of the motor caravan in place of a car and a trailer, but to-day I would never have the power unit for moving from place to place as part and parcel of my house on wheels. You never seem free of the odour of petrol when that is the case, although I daresay the complete motor caravan on a stout commercial vehicle chassis is an excellent affair for countries outside Great Britain.

Another reason why I have changed my mind and prefer a trailer is that one may want a car for shopping, sightseeing, and visiting; but a caravan may be settled at a suitable spot for weeks, and if the car is settled too, your radius of movement is restricted. But sensible folk live and learn that it does not do to be too fixed in one's ideas, even in the pleasures of caravanning. Therefore, one cannot lay down inflexible rules about this or that way of enjoying the benefits of a life out of doors.

Lightweight New Trailer.

Every camper must learn to suit his or her

particular desires according to the scope of their purse and opportunity. To-day, the "baby" car has brought camping and caravanning to thousands of motorists who do not mind a state of perpetual picnics and a certain amount of roughing it. Also the makers of trailers such as Eccles Motor Caravans, Ltd., now sell a new camping trailer, suitable for hauling by seven or eight horse-power cars, for those who prefer not to strain the motor to draw caravans of a heavier type. These new Eccles light-weight trailers are, in fact, miniature houses on wheels, with their furnishing equipment. The accommodation provides for two persons, beds of the multiple spring type, curtains, cushions, and the usual set of fittings of this character. It has an over-all length of 8 ft., width of 5 ft., and inside height of 6 ft. For towing, the roof can be lowered to the waistline of the trailer, which brings it down to about the same height as a "baby" saloon, so reducing the wind resistance, when on the road, to a negligible quantity. The roof is panelled as well as the ends, and the body up to the waistline. The upper parts of the sides consist of roll-down canvas blinds. These are quite draught-proof and waterproof. The cost of this new Eccles light-weight trailer is £75, complete with wheels shod with Dunlop tyres, automatic brakes, and adjustable screw legs, whilst the whole of the plywood panels of the trailer are covered with canvas on the outside, well painted to preserve them from deterioration by the weather. Now, with a light trailer and a small tent, which can be packed either in the car or the trailer, four persons can be made thoroughly comfortable.

the work of fitting the towing bracket. I state "hiring," as most sensible people start off on their first effort as camping caravanners by dealing with a firm who hire out caravans, before buying one to keep, in case the family do not like the

Tents and Caravans.

There is one additional fixture which motorists must not forget when considering a camping holiday, and that is a towing bracket to be fitted on the car, whether large or small, for the trailer. Its cost may range from 30s. to £5, according to the type of car and the ease or difficulty of fixing the trailing bracket. But usually the car-owner can get the best and cheapest advice from the firm selling or hiring the trailer, who will probably readily do



COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE COMBINED: THE DAINTY INTERIOR OF AN ECCLES CARAVAN.

of lamps or candles. One can easily arrange a change-over switch, so that the dynamo on the car can charge either or both batteries in parallel. With this arrangement, one has only to fit an adaptor in the tail lamp or other convenient position, and then plug into the electrical lighting circuit on the caravan itself, or carry a lamp on a long line of flexible cord to the caravan if not wired up. Another matter to be thought of when choosing a site for a stay of some days is that, provided the weather permits, most meals will be taken outside of the caravan on the folding table and portable stools carried in it. So choose a level spot. Do not camp too near water, yet not too far away from this important supply for both washing and cooking. Nowadays the Caravan Club of Great Britain, 28, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2, keep a list of suitable camping

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

spots which they supply to their members. As the annual subscription is quite small and the benefits are great, this club is well worth joining if one is going on a roving holiday in tents and caravans. I do like a tent to be carried as well as the trailer-caravan, as it makes a spare room for all sorts of emergencies which crop up on a holiday tour, especially if one has visitors. And one can always manage to find room to carry it when packed up, either on the car or on the caravan.

Motor-Boat Demonstration.

During the forthcoming week from April 18 to 23, Messrs. John I. Thornycroft and Co., Ltd., hold their annual demonstration week at their



ON 'THE' ROAD WITH AN ECCLES' TRAILER-CARAVAN: A VEHICLE EASILY TOWED BY CARS OF MODERATE HORSE-POWER.

gypsy life as well as they imagined they would. Also, do not forget that the caravan must have a rear number plate carrying the same letters and figures as the car which hauls it.

My advice to caravan folk also is to have an extra battery fitted on the car, if possible, so as to provide light for the caravan from the car in place

Hampton-on-Thames launch works, giving trial trips to enquiring visitors who are interested in water motoring. As everybody is well aware, Thornycrofts build a large variety of all types of marine craft, so that this demonstration week allows possible purchasers of motor-boats, cabin-cruisers, river-launches, etc., to see the actual motor-boats in the water, to take a trial trip up and down the Thames, and so form a better idea of the particular design which best suits their requirements. Any reader who likes to write to Thornycrofts, Smith Square, London, S.W.1, or to Hampton-on-Thames, stating that he would like a demonstration, will, I am sure, get every attention, especially if he mentions this journal. Tom Thornycroft told me recently that he was always pleased for people to come and see these craft, even if they could not give an order for a boat, as demonstrations always increased enthusiasm for motor-boating, and so helped to make new customers for the future if not the immediate present. As motor-boating is becoming a very economical pastime nowadays, with the low cost of running small "in-board" boats, folks with suitable waters near them are preferring them to cars for their pleasure outings.

[Continued overleaf.]



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Same Old Headache Every Afternoon

A Sign of Poisonous Waste Accumulating In Your Body.

That same old dull ache in your head every afternoon—that sudden mysterious tired feeling that comes on you before the day is done, and sends you home more ready for bed than for your supper—it's one of the surest signs your intestines are falling down on the job and letting the waste matter accumulate. The stored-up waste putrefies—setting up toxins and poisons that sap your strength and energy, cause your head to ache, and make you feel as if you had lost every friend in the world.

One of the best things you can do for sluggish intestines is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This has a splendid cleansing and stimulating effect upon both the stomach and intestines. You can

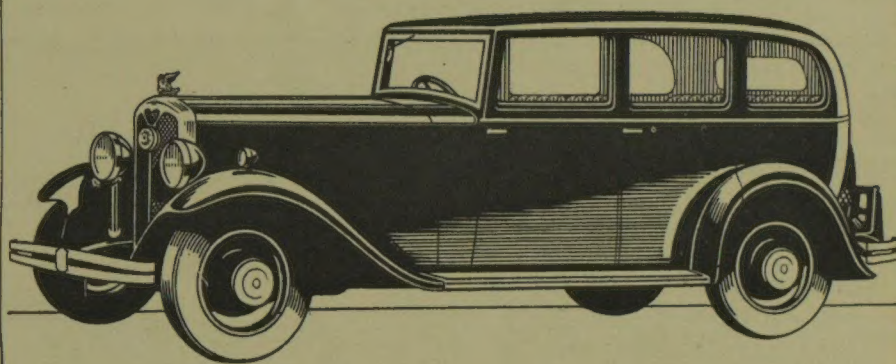
make the hot water and lemon juice doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder.

This is a famous old natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to flush the intestines and to combat the putrefactive processes and acidity. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish. Get about four ounces of Kutnow's Powder from any chemist to start with. Use it faithfully for six or seven days. The change in your condition will amaze you. You'll feel like a new person, improved in appetite, in colour, and clearness of complexion. Years will have seemed to be lifted from your shoulders.

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METEOR WORKS, COVENTRY

Continued.]

**Napier Cars
Now.**

Sir Harry Brittain, chairman of D. Napier and Son, Ltd., announced at this company's general meeting that the directors are making arrangements for the re-entry of the firm into the motor-car business, as well as developing several new types of aero-engines. The late Lord Balfour was always an owner of six-cylinder Napier carriages, and I still find quite a number of these cars in use in London and other parts of England, while I know there are others in active service in the East. Napiers were the first commercial success in six-cylinder cars, and though I have no actual knowledge of the proposed new cars Napiers are to build, their experience from 1899 of building high-class motors must lead them to think more in terms of quality than quantity of production. Time was when Napier cars won all the big races at Brooklands after their Gordon-Bennett victory on the Continent. To-day the Napier Campbell "Blue Bird" car holds the world's record for the highest speed yet attained by man and machine on land; so that from the beginning of the twentieth century up to the present moment Napier motors have placed Great Britain at the head of the automobile industry of the world. It is a long and honourable record. I hope the new cars will maintain this prestige of the firm.

**Touring in
Ireland: A.A.
Map-Routes.**

The Automobile Association is now able to provide its new sketch-map route service to Ireland, similar to that introduced for England, Wales, and Scotland in April last year. These special maps of the actual route, in addition to the usual information, give tourists an admirable brief survey of the country and its chief attractive features. Also the town-plans are included on the actual route-sheet, so that the driver does not get lost trying to find his way through, as so often happens, especially in cities. The completion of this new A.A. touring service has taken nearly three years, in order to cover the British Isles. All the information given is based on a practical survey of the roads carried out with A.A. "logging" cars equipped with special instruments. My personal advice to tourists is to

use these A.A. map-route cards in conjunction with a compass, and you can strike off from the route to visit interesting spots near at hand, and, by noting the compass direction, pick up the route again by referring to the A.A. compass mark on the map-route itself. As one reads the map from bottom to top of each page, it seems easy to follow, as the travel directions for the car are the same way, so one does not have to turn the map upside-down or reverse it.

THE PLAYHOUSES.**"I LIVED WITH YOU," AT THE
PRINCE OF WALES'S.**

MR. IVOR NOVELLO has a passion for playing cads of foreign nationality, and if his accent varies little, whether he is purporting to be a French *apache* in "The Rat" or a Russian prince, as in his present play, his admirers care less. To see him smack the faces of ladies who do not meet with his approval, throw half-eaten chocolates about the room, profess a hatred of baths and hint at the morals of a poultry yard, is, for them, sheer joy. The play is very uneven, often extraordinarily vulgar, with scenes of pathos that verge on the laughable; yet it is not unentertaining, and certainly suggests that if Mr. Ivor Novello ever discovers his true *milieu* as a dramatist, he will write a very good play. Felix, discovered in the Maze at Hampton Court with nothing between him and starvation but a diamond-studded miniature, is taken home by Glad to her vulgar, good-hearted family, who live in Fulham. Here he promptly proceeds to debauch the entire family. An elder sister he persuades to live with her employer; the mother to get drunk on vodka; the father to take a mistress; and he is finally hesitating between seducing or marrying Glad, when a highly improbable aunt (though very well played by Miss Cicely Oates) persuades him that he is an eagle and therefore unfit to mate or live with sparrows; whereupon, he flies back to the Maze at Hampton Court. Mr. Ivor Novello gave a performance that seemed thoroughly to satisfy his admirers; Miss Ursula Jeans was

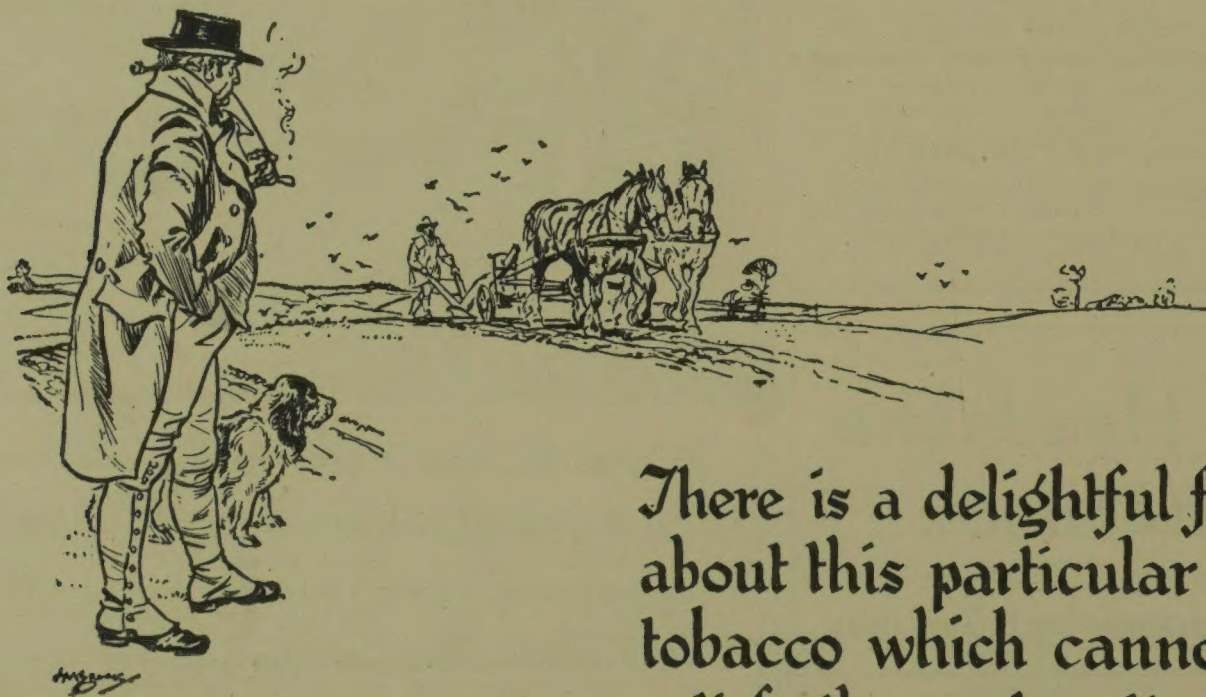
extremely good as Glad; but the performance of the evening was given by Miss Minnie Raynor as the good-hearted Cockney mother.

"MUSICAL CHAIRS," AT THE CRITERION.

Mr. Ronald Mackenzie, the author, has obviously been deeply influenced by Tchekhov, and his play should have been sub-titled "An Essay in the Russian Manner." It is an extraordinarily interesting and entertaining piece of work, and for a first play suggests the born dramatist. Except for a touch of local colour, it is difficult to see why the scene was laid in Poland, for, save the German stepfather, all the family are typically English. The plot matters little; an apparently hopeless boring for oil—a successful discovery that means wealth—an outbreak of fire that spells ruin—and a final settlement that results in a fair competence. It is the characters that give this tragi-comedy its entertainment value. Mr. Frank Vosper gave a brilliant study of the elderly German father; Mr. John Gielgud as a Hamlet-like character, who played Beethoven while the oil wells were burning, was extremely good. Indeed, the whole cast could not have been bettered, while M. Komisarjevsky's production was superb. Undoubtedly a play to see.

"SEE NAPLES AND DIE," AT THE LITTLE.

This extravaganza is goodish entertainment, but might have been dull had it not been for Miss Olive Blakeney's sparkling performance, an ingenious twist or so in the plot, and some very neat character sketches by Mr. Ronald Simpson as a prurient-minded amateur artist, Mr. Antony Holles as a particularly unpleasant blackmailer, Miss Gabrielle Casartelli as a languidly-amorous waiting-maid, and Mr. Henry Cass as a coachman whose cheerful face only is seen as he passes to and fro on the road below. The plot is as extravagant as that of a musical comedy, and equally improbable, dealing with that ancient theme of the girl who gives herself to a blackmailer to save her sister's honour. But the dialogue is very bright, the local colour applied with an efficient brush, and altogether the result is good.



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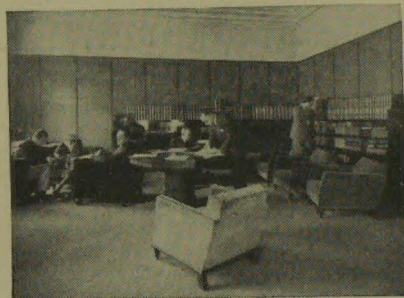
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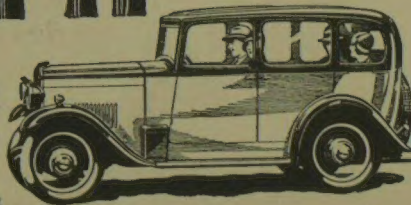
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Sir Edward
—the Enthusiastic.

"Let's have a cocktail"

Sir Edward: "Hello, Angela!"

Lady Angela: "Sorry, can't stop, Ted. Going to Sandown, you see. Just off to the bank for some money."

Sir Edward: "Money! What on earth do you want it for at Sandown? I'm quite sure you don't owe any to the 'bookies.'"

Lady Angela: "Don't be foolish! Of course not; but I'm going to try the 'Tote' to-day, and you know it's all cash."

Sir Edward: "Wonderful how some people walk around full of blissful ignorance. Haven't you read the papers lately?"

Lady Angela: "What about?"

Sir Edward: "Why, all about how 'Duggie' has virtually established a 'Tote' in every Telegraph Office."

Lady Angela: "What exactly does that mean?"

Sir Edward: "Simply that you can wire him your fancy, from the course, and get full 'Tote' prices, with 5 per cent. added."

Lady Angela: "But suppose I hear of a good thing at the last minute or two?"

Sir Edward: "Makes no difference, you can telegraph right up to the 'off.'"

Lady Angela: "Splendid! In that case I'll not need to go to the bank."

Sir Edward: "No, let's go to the Berkeley and have a cocktail; far more interesting."

Follow Sir Edward's advice—
Write a personal note to
"Duggie" now, and become
an equally enthusiastic client.

Douglas Stuart

"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, LONDON